SOPHONISBA:

OR,

Hannibal's Overthrow.

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at the

Theatre-Royal,

By Their

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Written by NATHANIEL LEE, *Gent.*

Præcipitandus est liber Spiritus. *Petronius.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Tho. Chapman*, at the *Angel* and *Crown* in the *Pall-Mall*, MDCXCVII.

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To her Grace the

DUTCHESS

OF

PORTSMOUTH.

Madam,

IF Sophonisba *receiv'd ſome applauſe upon the Stage, I arrogate nothing from the merit of the Poem, but, as I ought, with the humbleſt acknowledgments and profoundeſt gratitude, impute it to the favourable aſpects of the Court-Stars. But above all, I muſt pay my adorations to your Grace, who as you are the moſt Beautiful, as well in the bright appearances of Body, as in the immortal ſplendors of an elevated Soul, did ſhed mightier influence, and darted on me a largeneſs of Glory anſwerable to your ſtock of Beams.* Hannibal *himſelf, whoſe hardy Spirit never bow'd but to the fair imperious* Roſalinda: *nay, he who in ſpite of Beauties Charms, durſt gaze upon that Sun with Eagle-eyes, and tax her with a blemiſh, now making his approaches to your Grace, ſeems awed with the ſource of ſo many Rays, and dazl'd with a preſence ſo Illuſtrious. He ſees, with new bleedings, Eyes more attractive than thoſe of* Roſalinda, *ſomething more delicate in your ſhape, and lofty in your meen; an Air ſo charming ſweet, that 'tis miraculous it ſhou'd be Majeſtick too: Smiles of more delightful Shine than* April *Suns; ſuch ſoftneſſes and languiſhings as the almighty Poets hand cannot deſcribe, nor Painters Pencil ever draw. For my own part, I am reſolved to look up to you daily, and dedicate my Life and Labours to your Grace, to ſpend all the ſtore of my yet unexhauſted fancy in your unbounded Fame. For I declare, to be wreath'd in Lawrel from head to foot, is not comparable honour to that of being, Madam,*

Your Graces moſt humble

and devoted Servant,

 NAT. LEE

Dramatis Personæ.

Hannibal,	General of *Carthage.*	Mr. *Mohun.*
Maherbal,	Lieutenant General.	Mr. *Burt.*
Bomilcar,	Master of the Horse, and Elephants.	Mr. *Winterſhal.*
Scipio,	Conſul of *Rome,*	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Lelius,	His Lieutenant.	Mr. *Lydall.*
Varro,	A Tribune.	Mr. *Watſon.*
Maſſiniſſa,	King of *Numidia*; Married to *Sophonisba.*	Mr. *Hart.*
Trebellius,	A *Roman* Officer.	Mr. *Powell.*
Maſſina,	Nephew of *Maſſiniſſa.*	Mr. *Clark.*
Menander,	The Confident of *Maſſiniſſa.*	Mr. *Griffin.*
Sophonisba,	A *Carthaginian* Lady, Daughter of *Aſdrubal*: firſt Married to *Syphax,* and afterwards to *Maſſiniſſa.*	Mrs. *Cox.*
Roſalinda,	A *Roman* Lady, the Miſtreſs of *Hannibal.*	Mrs. *Boutell.*
Rezambe,	Maids of Honour, and Confidents of *Sophonisba.*	
Merna,		
Aglave,	Prieſteſſes of *Bellona.*	Mrs. *Nep.*
Cumana,		Mrs. *Corey.*

Attendants.

SCENE *Zama.*

THE

THE TRAGEDY OF SOPHONISBA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar, *Guards and Attendants.*

Han. COnqueſt with Laurels has our Arms adorn'd,
And *Rome* in Tears of Blood our anger mourn'd.
Like Gods we paſt the ruggid *Alpine* Hills,
Melted our way, and drove our hiſſing Wheels
Through Cloudy Deluges, Eternal Rills:
What after Ages ſhall with pain believe,
Through Burning Quarries did our paſſage cleave;
Hurl'd dreadful Fire, and Vinegar infus'd,
Whoſe horrid force the Nerves of Flints unloos'd:
Made Nature ſtart to ſee us root up Rocks,
And open all the Adamantine Locks;
Shake off her maſſy Bars, o'er Mountains go,
Through Globes of Ice, and Flakes of ſolid Snow.
On our laſt Elephant while we did ſleep,
In *Arnus* foggy Fens and Marſhes deep.
One light we loſt, for *Carthage* underwent
Wars tedious toils, our Blood and Spirits ſpent,
And all the ſtock of Health which bounteous Nature lent.
Mah. But what return has that ſlow City made?
Admir'd by Foes, you were by Friends betray'd.
While you abroad fam'd Battels bravely fought,
The Traitor *Hanno* your deſtruction ſought:
No Succours were for your aſſiſtance meant;
For ſtill to *Rome* Intelligence was ſent.

Tha

That did the *Carthaginians* ſtrength declare,
Which way they paſt, and what their numbers were.
Bom. By his deſign your Brothers death was wrought,
When he apart from you with *Nero* fought.
Too well that Barb'rous States-Man *Hanno* knew,
If Gallant *Aſdrubal* ſhould joyn with you,
The *Romans* cou'd no hope of ſafety have;
No Power on Earth cou'd their loſt Empire ſave:
With wicked Policy he therefore try'd
Your two all-conquering Armies to divide.
How fatally did his curſt Plots ſucceed?
When with your Brother all his Troops did bleed.
Han. Great States-Men Kings ſhou'd watch, while they
Left, what they build, thoſe underhand deſtroy. (employ;
Nor has his ſeparating Chiefs been known
Only on Land, but on the Ocean ſhown:
Where Fleets divided, by cloſe practis'd Arts,
Have melted Womens Eyes, and Souldiers Hearts.
Bom. Now all the Fiends thoſe Traytors drag to Hell,
Who for Revenge, or Gold, their Country ſell.
Han. How wou'd the Slaves have quak'd, had they but ſeen
The flights of *Trebid*, or of *Thraſimen*,
Or dreadful *Cannæ?*
Where the dire Siſters bit the *Roman* Looms,
As if their hands were tyr'd with cutting dooms.
Bom. Where fourſcore Valiant Senators we kill'd,
The blood of ſeventy thouſand Souldiers ſpill'd,
And great *Emilius* death our Conqueſt ſwell'd.
Han. When all with Crimſon ſlaughter cover'd o're,
We urg'd our Horſes through a flood of gore;
Whilſt from the Battlements of Heaven's high Wall
Each God look'd down, and ſhook his awful head,
Mourning to ſee ſo many thouſands fall,
And then look'd pale, to ſee us look ſo red.
Mah. That was a time worthy ſevereſt Fate,
When Victory on Hills of Heroes ſat,
And turn'd her Eyes all blood-ſhot on the Fray,
And laugh'd, and clapp'd her wings, and bleſt the day.
Han. And are we thus at laſt rewarded then?
Dare they review our dangers with diſdain?

Dull

Dull Counſellors, who only talk of harm,
Sleep till high Noon, to coſtly Banquets ſwarm,
And with rich Wines drink their cold Spirits warm.
Inſtead of fighting *Scipio*, let us haſte,
Set fire to *Carthage*, lay her glories waſte;
Melt all their hoarded Treaſures down, and pour
Into their Thirſty Throats the ſcalding Ore.
Bom. Go on, Great Sir; their truſty Coffers burn;
Their Towring Pride to deſolation turn.
Mah. How I ſhould laugh, to ſee their Ermines ſmoke!
May Sulph'rous flames their gorged vitals choke.
Han. Maherbal, ſtay; though *Carthage* us'd me ill,
Spite of my wrongs, ſhe is my Country ſtill:
My Father, the great Maſter of our Arms,
(Who, while he gave me life, heard loud alarms)
Swore me *Rome*'s Foe, when in my Ages bud,
Wean'd me from Milk, and nurs'd me up in Blood,
And taught me to be obſtinately good:
Rome, the Worlds Gyant Empreſs to invade,
Till her Bright Fame ſhould ſhrink into a ſhade,
And all her Golden Spires in duſt were laid.
Bom. Carthage, and *Rome*, which did ſo long divide
The troubl'd World, to prop their weighty pride,
Will brook no more each others mighty ſway,
The Gods to this or that muſt give the day:
Since ſuch Majeſtick Power to both is given,
As each might take up all the care of Heav'n.
Mah. Beſides the natural hate to *Rome* you bear,
With *Scipio*, Love obliges you to War,
Since *Roſalinda* is a Pris'ner there.
Heavens! ſhall he dare to keep your Love in bands?
Beauty, like hers, Swords, Hands, and Hearts commands.
Han. O, my *Maherbal*! thou wert always kind,
See'ſt all my good, but to my ills art blind:
Had I by thy advice my Souldiers led,
Hot with their Joys, and ſtriding o're the dead,
To *Rome*, to *Rome*, my Warrior——But, 'tis loſt;
That hour, that did ſo many laſt hours coſt!
The Gods and opportunity ride poſt.
Melting at *Capua* I in Pleaſures lay;
And for a Miſtreſs gave the World away.

Mah.

Mah. Grudge you the World? Cou'd I such hearts subdue,
Were I great *Jove* himself, I'd give Heaven too.
But I am rough, and not for Woman made,
In Natures courſeſt mold by Fortune laid.

Han. Haſte to the *Roman* Camp, *Bomilcar* fly,
Take Scouts along, unſeen as Spirits pry,
And learn the poſture of the Enemy:
Learn, if thy knowledge may ſo happy be,
Where *Roſalinda* mourns for Liberty;
Seek her as thou wou'dſt Wreaths for Glories Toil,
As after Conqueſt thou wou'dſt ſeek for Spoil.

The SCENE *drawn, diſcovers a pleaſant Grotto,* King Maſſiniſſa, Maſſina, *and* Menander *ſitting upon a Bank: Soft Muſick is heard.*

K. *Maſ.* Since Love, the brighteſt Jewel of a Crown,
That fires Ambition, and adorns Renown;
That with ſweet hopes does our harſh pains beguile,
And midſt of Javelins makes the Souldier ſmile;
Since this great Trophie's loſt, quite loſt to me,
What wretched things muſt Fame and Empire be!

Men. Yet once your Soul was of another ſtrain,
And ſtill you talk'd how God-like 'twas to Reign,
In myſtick Empire to be plac'd alone;
And your Cheeks burn'd when you beheld a Throne;
Ev'n in your Nonage haughty were and bold,
And ſmiling wou'd your Father's Scepter hold,
And talk'd, when young, how you would Rule when old.

K. *Maſ.* Ambition then I lov'd; but now abhor.

Maſ. What is Ambition, Sir?

K. *Maſ.* The Luſt of Power.
Like glory, Boy, it licenſes to kill;
A ſtrong temptation to do bravely ill;
A Bait to draw the bold and backward in,
The dear-bought recompence of higheſt ſin:
For when to Death we make the Conquer'd yield,
What are we, but the Murd'rers of the Field?

Men. In gallant Souls, Ambition is no more
The Bawd of Empire, or the Luſt of Pow'r,

That

Than lawful Mirth is lewdneſs in a Bride,
Or neatneſs in a Veſtal Virgin, Pride.
K. *Maſ.* Then be it ſo; yet I will out no more,
Since Love has wrack'd me on the long'd-for ſhore.
No, but I had a Soul cou'd ſtorms outwear,
Durſt againſt Rocks, or over quick-ſands ſteer.
For love, if *Venus* had like *Juno* bid,
I durſt as much as e're *Alcides* did:
But I am loſt; nothing, *Maſſina*, now;
With Love's each blaſt, I like a bul-ruſh bow;
Am I not alter'd much of late?
Maſ. Alas!
You look like wither'd Flowers, or Mountain Graſs.
K. *Maſ.* O *Sophonisba*, oh!
Maſſ. Why ſighs my Lord?
Speak, for I will revenge you with my Sword.
What cruel Vulture's this that tears your breaſt?
Like feſter'd wounds, it takes away your reſt.
You will grow mad, I think, you watch all night,
And with your groans the croaking Ravens fright.
Who is it that theſe killing griefs has wrought,
That bends your brow and turns you into thought?
K. *Maſ.* My ſorrows load, alas! thou canſt not bear.
Maſſ. Think you my Soul is capable of fear?
What is it, for your ſake I cou'd not bear?
K. *Maſ.* *Maſſina*, thou art all that I wou'd have;
There's nothing after thee, but a low Grave:
Obdurate ſtubborn heart, ſtill wilt thou hold?
Obſerve me, Boy, when thou ſhalt ſee me cold,
Grown by my death a longer line of Woe,
Pale as wrong'd Lovers Ghoſts, that ſigh below;
Then learn to curſe the Author of my Fate.
Maſſ. What horrid things are theſe, which you relate?
K. *Maſ.* Thee from thy Childhood I have train'd with care,
I'th' painful Diſcipline of tedious War:
In Mountains bred thee, and on barren Sands,
And led thee near the Sun, through high parch'd Land;
Show'd thee to chace wild Boars upon the Heath,
And taught thy Infant hands the Trade of Death.
When I by *Boccar* hotly was purſu'd,
And forc'd to plunge into the rapid Flood,

Thou leap'ſt in after me.
Maſſ. I did, my Lord,
But you forgot the Whirl-pool in the Ford;
Where when I ſtruggl'd, and my ſtrength grew ſlack,
You daſh'd my Fate, and bore me on your back:
So through the *Helleſpont Europa* rode,
Half dead with fear, though mounted on a God.
K. *Maſ.* But, my *Maſſina*, there's one danger more,
More dreadful then all thoſe we paſs'd before:
Vile Women.
Maſſ. Women, Sir, I oft have ſeen
Dancing with Timbrels on the Flowry Green,
Or like ſmall Clouds upon the Mountains brow;
But never thought they Thunder bore till now.
I know they are all black, have rowling Eyes,
Thick Lips, flat Noſes, Breaſts of mighty ſize.
K. *Maſ.* Thou never yet in ſhining Courts haſt been;
Nor the fair part of Woman-kind haſt ſeen,
Who cloſe in *Africk* Palaces reſide,
And from th'injurious Sun their Faces hide:
To whom compar'd, theſe ſeem all hideous night;
But thoſe, like *Cinthia*'s Silver Creſcent, bright.
Maſſ. Is it a Sin to be acquainted, Sir,
With thoſe white Maids, that are ſo fine and fair?
K. *Maſ.* Shun 'em *Maſſina*, as thou woud'ſt thy Fate;
As things which by Antipathy we hate.
Not all the horrours of a bloody War,
Not Lions, Tigers, ſuch hid fury bear:
Thoſe appear Monſters, but theſe ſeem all mild:
None ever yet deſtroy'd, but ſtill ſhe ſmil'd.
They are all grief, when they appear all joy;
Like Lightning, while they glitter they deſtroy.
Lye down, ſweet Youth. A fair white Woman was
Of what thou ſeeſt me now, the cruel Cauſe;
Though clear her form appear'd, without one ſtain,
Bright as thoſe Bodies which o're darkneſs reign,
Her Soul is blacker than the Skin of *Moors*;
For Fraud with Beauty does his lodging take.
Maſſ. Then Beauties breaſt is like a bank of Flowers,
That fairly hides a foul and ugly Snake.

K. *Maſ.*

K. *Maſ.* There's not one ſafe, and fair: all Seas of Sin.
Shou'dſt thou be us'd, alas! as I have been,
'Twou'd make thee Gray; hear not my ſtory told.
Maſ. Will Women, if they uſe me, make me old?
K. *Maſ.* I had a Miſtreſs once,
For her I fought, and did her cauſe maintain
Againſt the World upon the liſted Plain:
The Gods too know with what obliging ſmiles,
And bluſhing joy, ſhe prais'd my mighty toils:
And when to kiſs her hand I bended low,
She made it meet my Lips, and preſt 'em too.
All this in Publick; but from ſight remov'd,
Fierce were our Joys, and with a looſe we lov'd.
Menan. You may remember, Sir, that I was by,
Call'd as a witneſs to the ſecret Tye,
Thrice we invok'd the God of marriage there,
With rich Sabean ſcents perfum'd the air,
And utter'd ſacred Vows, and binding Prayer.
K. *Maſ.* When you were gone,
And none but I left with that charming Maid,
What furious fires did my hot Nerves invade?
With open arms upon my bliſs I ran,
With pangs I graſp'd her, like a dying man:
Like Light and Heat, incorporate we lay;
We bleſt the Night, and curſt the coming Day.
Maſſ. Now as I love bright arms, the Story's fine!
Tell it all night, my Lord, the Stars will ſhine.
K. *Maſ.* Soon as the Birds did on the morning call,
Her brighter Eyes a ſhow'r of Tears let fall:
Which in my panting boſom trickl'd down,
She preſt me cloſe, and cry'd, muſt you be gone?
Then round my Neck her ſhowny arms did twine,
She ſigh'd; but will you be for ever mine?
Will you be true? ——— and then our lips did joyn.
Maſſ. Kind, pretty heart.
K. *Maſ.* Her laſt words were,
Hear me, ye Gods, may I be never bleſt,
If *Maſſiniſſa* be not to this breaſt
The ſweeteſt, deareſt, everlaſting Gueſt.
Yet ſhe, this fair, this ſoft deluding ſhe,
Forgetting all her Vows, forgetting me;

While I for *Carthage* follow'd Wars alarms,
Reſign'd her ſelf up to anothers arms.

Enter Lelius, *and* Varro.

Lel. At length he's found: riſe *Maſſiniſſa*, riſe;
Shake off theſe Clouds that hang about your Eyes:
Glory's in view, and courts us with her call,
New ſtorms of War like Hail around us fall.

Var. Fury, that ſat at home, on Maſſie Shields,
Now heaves 'em up, and ranges through the Fields;
With all her hundred Whips of Wire ſhe comes,
And drives deſpairing Monarchs to their Tombs.

Lel. *Syphax* and *Aſdrubal* their Forces joyn,
With Arms the Mountains and the Vallies ſhine:
Ha! what unwonted Charm your Soul enchains?
Is your high blood congeal'd within your Veins,
That from the duſty Field you thus retire,
And ſeek cool ſhades, when all the World's on Fire?

Var. Kings caſt their Silks, and Armour make their Robe;
Inſtead of Lutes, ſhrill Trumpets charm the Globe;
Yet you from this great Race of honour run,
Wave falling Palms, and courting Laurels ſhun:
Why ſhou'd you *Sophonisba*'s loſs bemoan,
When *Syphax*, who enjoys her, cries, Come on?

K. *Maſ.* Ha! That the baſe Uſurper did but dare
Meet me alone, without his crowds of War!

Lel. If you die here ſo ſilently, you'l fall
As if Fate knew not of your Funeral:
And cens'ring Fame will ſay, when you are gon,
His Thread of Life was by a Woman ſpun.
But, *Varro*, we miſtake; this is not he,
This is ſome Porer on Morality;
Some ſtudious Youth, who does the Heav'ns ſurvey,
And in dull Science fools his Life away.

K. *Maſ.* Awake! Where haſt thou been my drowſie Soul,
In *Lethe* ſteep'd, or freezing near the Pole?
I feel her now my benumb'd Limbs inſpire,
My Spirits ſhoot, and dart, and mount up higher,
Like Sparks that ſcatter from a kindling Fire:
The Plots of Love inglorious are and dark,
Blindly he aims, and Night is all his mark:

Like

Like Day I'll dart him through and through; I will:
To Cure my Honour, I my Love will kill;
Kill her my ſelf, cut piece-meal all her Charms,
War; how it ſounds! away, to arms, to arms:
Let's go where the Illuſtrious *Scipio* calls;
I'll be the firſt ſhall ſcale proud *Carthage* Walls:
Wing'd with our Glory, come, my Friends, let's fly,
To Conquer bravely, or as bravely die.

Lel. Spoke like your ſelf; thus we our homage pay;
So look'd *Achilles* when *Troy* loſt the day.

Var. Fierce and Majeſtick as young *Mars* you ſtand:
'Tis fit that Look this *Africk* ſhould Command.

K. *Maſ.* As Lovers, big with expectation, burn;
My Soul to battel does all fiery turn:
Swift as the Gods, in haſte out-ſtrips the Wind,
And leaves the Courſers of the day behind.
Yet ſtay; methinks I am uneaſie ſtill;
What real pleaſure can it be to kill?

Lel. Frail Prince! how wavering all his actions be,
By Paſſions toſs'd in Love's tempeſtuous Sea?
War fires the brave.

K. *Maſ.* Yet War contracts a guilt;
And the brave grieve when many Lives are ſpilt:
Love like a Monarch, merciful and young,
Shedding no blood, effeminates the ſtrong;
But War does like a Tyrant vex us more,
And breaks thoſe Hearts, which Love did melt before.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Scipio, K. Maſſiniſſa, Maſſina, Menander, Lelius, *and* Varro.

Scip. THE Scouts of *Hannibal*, have they ſurvey'd
The Camp?

Lel. Your will exactly was obey'd.

Scip. I hear, my gallant Friend, and grieve to hear,
That you the Chains of *Sophonisba* wear;
In Glory's School you had the foremoſt Name,
Skill'd in the dark myſterious Book of Fame;

Did

Did those worn Characters with pleasure read,
Which told the Stories of the mighty dead:
But by this act of softness you will drown
Those Noble parts, and forfeit your Renown;
Truant to all the Honour that you had,
Drunk with Love's Tears, with smiles of Beauty mad.

K. *Mas.* I strove, Sir, by your great Atchievements taught,
To drive this Beauty from my lab'ring thought;
But I as well to Heaven might carry Wars,
And quench the influence of our crosser Stars:
Like those with fatal Fires she gilds my way,
And leads me on, that I may further stray.

Scip. Then I must angry grow, since you are frail,
And Corrosives apply, where Cordials fail;
To me prove civil; for your self be wise;
You have my Friendship, therefore I advise.

K. *Mas.* Mean you, my Lord, not *Sophonisba* love?

Scip. As she's the Foe of *Rome*, I disapprove
All Treaties with her: shake her off in time,
Or against Honour you commit a Crime.

K. *Mas.* And wou'd you have me live?

Scip. When she is dead:
Why shou'd you wish her life, that has betray'd
Both you and *Rome*? *Syphax*, whom I had wrought,
Her cunning Tongue to side with *Carthage* brought:
By Heaven I swear, if she my Captive be,
I'll use her as the *Romans* Enemy.

K. *Mas.* You'd have me shake her off and live; I'de know
Whether this Flesh you wear you can forgo,
And be the same. Here through my bosom run
Your Sword; and when the bloody deed is done,
When your Steel smoaks with my Heart's reeking gore,
Bid me be well as e're I was before.

Scip. You are resolv'd it seems to cross my will:
But from a Friend I'll construe nothing ill.

K. *Mas.* O then endure yet more, and let me speak,
Without some vent my lab'ring heart will break:
'Tis as a Friend your Life, your Life I spare,
Not as you, more than King, *Rome*'s Consul are,
The far-fam'd *Scipio*, and God of War.

Can

Can any Man that's brave,
His Miſtreſs injuries with patience hear?
Let any other in your Cauſe appear,
And juſtifie the words that you have ſaid;
By the Immortal Powers, I'le ſtrike him dead.

Lel. My Lord. { *As the King moves forward,* Lelius *lays his hand on his Sword.*

Scip. Your gen'rous temper, *Lelius*, hold;
He ſhall be hotter yet, to be more cold:
My Virtue all the ſtorms of Paſſion knows,
Has try'd its Calms, its wondrous Ebbs and Flows.
Since a Requeſt ſo ſmall you can deny,
From greater proofs how wou'd your Friendſhip fly?

K. *Maſ.* Try me, my Lord, but any other way,
Heavens! with what readineſs would I obey!
While blood kind warmth does to theſe Limbs afford,
While I can ſhake a Spear, or weild a Sword,
You ſhall be ever *Maſſiniſſa*'s Lord:
Go on and wander the wide Ocean o're,
Go ſail to ſome unhoſpitable Shore,
Where dreadful Monſters guard the horrid Land;
Though down to Hell I ſink, at your Command
I'll throw my Body on the untry'd Sand:
Wou'd you have all the *Carthaginians* ſlain,
Or ſee their Cities level'd with the Plain?
With Chearful toil the buſineſs ſhall be done,
Give me but *Sophonisba* for my Crown.

Scip. To Conquer Enemies abroad's no more
Than every Tribune here has done before;
Search all the Army through, and find that one,
Who if I bid, the force of Fire dares ſhun,
Or will not from a Precipice leap down:
At my Command, *Lelius*, wou'd you refuſe
To dye?

Lel. My Fate for Empire I'd not loſe;
At thy Command, Temples and Shrines ſhou'd blaze;
I'd ſpoil their Gods, their Statues, Altars raze,
And with my Fury make 'em dread thee more,
Than I fear them when all their Thunders roar.

Scip. To Conquer Kingdoms, and on Scepters tread,
Is but to imitate great Heroes dead:

Shou'd

Shou'd you your Arms to the World's limits bear,
The mighty *Alexander* pierc'd as far:
But if ungovern'd Paſſion you can bind,
And quench th' inglorious ardour of your Mind,
Your Fame ſhall with that haughty Victor's vie,
Which all the Eaſtern Beauties cou'd defie:
If ſtill you are reſolv'd her Charms to truſt,
The World may truly term you raſh, unjuſt;
And when you periſh, ſay, he dy'd for Luſt.

K. *Maſ.* You tax me, Sir, with Crimes I do not know;
But urge me not too far; for I may grow
Beyond all limits, juſt revenge purſue,
And, blinded by my Rage, let fly at you.

Scip. Unhand him—by the Gods your worſt I dare,
A ſingle Arm *Rome*'s Conſul cannot fear:
I ſhine above thee like a Star fix'd higher,
Whom though you cannot reach, you may admire.

K. *Maſ.* Like *Meteors* rather you falſe glory take,
Whoſe ſhort-liv'd blaze, low Earthy Vapours make:
Yet, ſince with fancied Fires you fill the Skie,
Shall not one Prince at your dread aſpect die?

Scip. How have I err'd? your Tryal's at an end;
Heaven! That I e're ſhould call this Man my Friend!
How cou'd my Soul ſo groſly be o'reſeen?
From all Mankind wert thou ſelected then?
O moſt ungrate! ill-temper'd barb'rous King,
No good did ever from this *Africk* ſpring.
Did I for this each *Roman* Friendſhip ſhun,
And to thoſe Savage arms for refuge run?
When with the weighty Cares of War oppreſt,
Lean'd all my Troubles on that ſullen Breaſt;
Took no Petition, granted no Command,
But what was given by *Maſſina*'s hand?
What Triumphs did I ever yet deſign,
Wherein your Glory might not equal ſhine?
Yet for a Woman, and a falſe one too,
Your Fame, your Faith, and Friendſhip you forego.
Still let the great of Favourites beware;
They moſt deceive us, who moſt truſted are.

[*The* Conſul *turns away.*

K. *Maſ.*

K. *Maſ.* Stay Conſul, ſtay my Friend, my noble Lord;
Cou'd you then caſt me off for one raſh word?
Forſake me ever? O you never lov'd
Your *Maſſiniſſa*, who cou'd be thus mov'd.
Go if thou pleaſe, leave this ungrateful King,
This ſavage, barb'rous, indigeſted thing.
What e're my paſſion did, ſhou'd pardon'd be,
For I confeſs you are a God to me.
Yet it had been more friendly and more kind,
Not to have met the tempeſt of my Mind.

Scip. But was it poſſible in this our ſtrife,
That *Maſſiniſſa* ſhould attempt my Life?

K. *Maſ.* Pronounce my Death, cut off theſe curſed Hands,
Send me to *Syphax*, bound with ſhameful bands,
That I may all the ſubtleſt torments bear,
And after Death no more reproaches hear.

Scip. By this return of Virtue, I am made
For ever yours——Say, do I now upbraid?
Are theſe reproaches?

K. *Maſ.* O ye Powers look down,
And hear me ſwear by your Eternal Throne.
Whatever this your likeneſs ſhall command,
Though *Sophonisba* from my trembling Hand,
I will obey:—or curſe me where I ſtand.

Scip. As your firſt Trial, ſtrait to *Cirta* fly,
And perjur'd *Syphax* at his Gates defie.
Our Troops muſt conquer when led on by you;
Chiefly his Wife endeavour to ſubdue:
Whoſe ſubtile working Wit wrought all this care,
And with her beauteous griefs renew'd the War.

K. *Maſ.* This Youth, my Kinſman, as a pledge I leave;
My all, the darling of my Soul receive,
As I in war ſhall falſe or faithful be,
So may juſt Heav'n do both to him and me.

Maſſ. Ah! if I am that darling of your Heart,
How can you leave me thus forlorn behind?
Take me along, or I ſhall think 'twas art
That made you ſeem ſo pitiful and kind.

K. *Maſ.* Now all the Gods thy precious Life defend.
Something that's fatal ſure theſe Tears portend;

I was not us'd to weep.

Scip. Nor muſt not now.
At your requeſt we will to *Zama* go;
From hence to *Bagrada* our Forces draw,
To try our ſtrength with deſp'rate *Hannibal*,
And keep that famous Conqueror in awe,
That talk'd of giving Laws i'th' Capitol.

K. *Maſ.* My Blood boils in my veins and catches Fire;
Such words, ſuch courage would the Dead inſpire:
Yes, we will fight, my Lord, with *Hannibal*,
To bloody 'count his boaſted Valour call.

Scip. Like ſome vaſt ill-built Tower, ſo high he grows,
His Marble front nods with each blaſt that blows.

K. *Maſ.* Our Arms like Thunder levell'd at his Crown,
Shall all at once, hurl'd by our rage, ruſh on.
And in a moment roll his Glories down.

[*Manet* Maſſina *ſolus.*

Maſſ. Was ever Youth unfortunate as I?
But I will be reveng'd on him, and die.
Perhaps to loſe me in the wars he fears,
As if my Soul did not out-go my Years.

Enter Roſalinda.

Roſ. I've ſcap'd with much ado the Tribune's Hands;
But 'tis the Conſul who muſt break my bands,
And ſend me with a paſs-port back——Who's there?
What are you?

Maſſ. Firſt inſtruct me what you are,
And how you came to be thus Heavenly fair:
What is it makes your Cheeks ſo freſh and bright,
The red of Roſes, or the Lillies white?

Roſ. Were you ne're thus before?

Maſſ. I never knew
Such Agues in my Blood, and Fevers too.

Roſ. I'll leave you, Sir.

Maſſ. You cannot if you wou'd;
You may as eaſily forgo your blood:
Like that, I'll bluſhing creep about you ſtill,
And my ſick thoughts with ſilent pleaſures fill.

Roſ. What is't you'd have?

Maſſ.

Maſſ. Alas! I do not know;
Something there is which Nature will not ſhow:
When e're you ſpeak, as at melodious ſtrains,
There's ſomething purls and trickles through my Veins;
Like Quick-ſilver it moves, ſo cold and faſt;
Then my Eyes twinkle as they'd look their laſt.
Roſ. It ſhews like love: but in its birth deſtroy
A paſſion which ſcarce pity can enjoy.
Maſſ. Perhaps you think me born of common Race;
But royal Blood does my high Lineage grace:
Ah! do not then put out this harmleſs flame,
Since from your Eyes the tingling torment came.
Roſ. In vain your Paſſion's ardour you alledge,
The Fort's impregnable, break up your Siege;
No force, nor art can the leaſt Out-work win,
There's one for you too mighty enter'd in:
The haughtieſt, braveſt, foremoſt Man on Earth,
Who from the blood of Gods derives his Birth.
Maſſ. To his immortal Kindred leave him then;
You may be better plac'd with blood of men.
Beſides, who knows but his Divinity,
As Gods will ſometimes very forward be,
May chance take pet as you in love engage,
And Thunder you to pieces in his Rage?
Roſ. 'Tis true, in War moſt dreadful he appears,
All Cruel, Glorious; dangers thick he wears:
Not to amuſe you, when you have nam'd all
That's Great and Lovely, think on *Hannibal*.
Maſſ. Is't poſſible!
In age can beauty ought that's lovely ſpy?
Can dreams of Glory waking Youth ſupply?
Roſ. Though his blood mov'd like freezing Currents flow,
Were his Head whiter than the *Alpine* Snow,
My Youth his Age, into one Piece ſhould grow.
Maſſ. All you have ſaid, I know, in jeſt was ſpoke;
What ſhould you do with ſuch a ſapleſs Oak?
When a young pleaſant Vine ſo near you ſtands,
And bows with all his Cluſters to your Hands.
Roſ. Honour to Youth and beauty I prefer,
I'm for the beſt and braveſt Man in War;

And ſince the World knows none ſo great as he,
None elſe ſhall Lord of my Affection be:
In ſhorter Joys let other Maids delight,
Thoſe Tranſitory pleaſures of a Night;
But I more laſting happineſs deſign:
In my Illuſtrious Warriour's Heart to ſhine,
And have my Name on his high Tomb engrav'd,
This, this is ſhe who *Hannibal* enſlav'd.

Maſſ. Though I no dawn of Comfort can deſcry,
Yet in this hopeleſs Love I will engage,
And every thought of Royalty caſt by,
Through all the World attend you as your Page:
For all my Pains I will not beg one kiſs,
That were to wrong your mighty Man of War;
Give a kind look, and I will prize the Bliſs
Above thoſe hopes which the Ambitious bear.

Roſ. Since then you are reſolv'd a while to wait,
As your firſt task, ſhew me the Conſul ſtraight:
My Beauty like a Comet ſhall ariſe
That Temperate Lord of Nations to ſurpriſe,
I'll thunder in his Ears, and Lighten in his Eyes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *The Carthaginian Camp.*

Hannibal *is diſcover'd in his Tent, ſitting at a Table with Lights.*

Han. How great's the care, the toil and lingring pain,
That racks a General's breaſt, and breaks his brain!
Argus a hundred Lights had, I but one,
Yet all the Day 'tis buſie as the Sun;
And all the Night 'tis watchful as the Moon.
When ſhall I ſleep from Noiſe and Buſineſs freed?
'Tis huſh'd, but Beauty Buſineſs does ſucceed:
Beauty which *Jove* cou'd draw from Heav'ns high Tower;
When Nymphs in Groves his Godhead ſtoop'd t'adore,
So much he lov'd Delight, above almighty Power:
In his deep blood the ſoft Contagion ran,
Staining his Son, that vaſt Immortal Man,
The Great *Alcides*; who a Diſtaff made
Of that huge Club, which Nations could invade;

Wou'd

Wou'd in his Miſtreſs Glaſs kind looks deviſe,
Leſs'ning the Glories of his God-like Eyes,
And tun'd his mighty voice to tender Cries.
Since Gods themſelves, and God-like Men have lov'd,
Why ſhould not I with Beauty's Charms be mov'd?
The higheſt Power has Love's blind Mazes trod;
Then *Hannibal* love on, and imitate a God.

Enter Bomilcar.

Bomilcar here? ſo ſuddenly return'd?
You look as if your Journey you had mourn'd.
Bom. My Lord, we were diſcover'd.
Han. Ha! How then?
Was your loſt freedom given you agen?
Bom. The gen'rous Conſul knowing who we were,
Commanded us to diſſipate our fear:
Then to his Officers gave ſtrict Command,
To let us take a view of every Band;
But ſuch brave Men, and ſuch ſtrict Diſcipline!
Han. You ſpeak, *Bomilcar*, as you knew not mine.
Bom. My Lord, your Pardon, if I ſay, theſe Eyes
Ne're yet beheld ſuch gallant Enemies.
When we had ſeen what might leſs Spirits damp,
He generouſly diſmiſs'd us from the Camp.
Han. This Civil Brav'ry has oblig'd me ſo,
I ſhall to Battel with half fury go;
Doubts enter here, which yet my Breaſt ne're felt:
Doubts beget fears, and fears my Courage melt.
But of my Love, Couſin you nothing ſaid;
Is ſhe alive? How I that anſwer dread!
Or is it poſſible ſhe can be dead?
Bom. Though in the ſearch our utmoſt Wit eſſay'd,
We nought cou'd hear of that Illuſtrious Maid.
Han. Perhaps his heart, for temp'rance ſo Renown'd,
From her all-conquering Eyes might take a Wound,
And now he keeps her cloſe: which ſhould he dare,
With Fire and Sword we'll carry on the War.
Yes, we will inſtantly our *Bodies* join;
The World's at ſtake, let it be his or mine.

Bom.

Bom. Throw boldly at the Sum which the Gods ſet;
A hundred thouſand Lives at once are met,
That on your ſide will all their Fortunes bet.

Enter Maherbal.

Mah. Come forth, my Lord, haſte from your Tent, behold
Sights that may chill the fiery, daunt the bold;
Shrill Trumpets Eccho through the Arch of Heaven,
Battels proclaim'd, and bloody ſignals giv'n:
Two Suns their gawdy Chariots Curtains furl,
And at each other brandiſh'd Lightning hurl;
Red bolts ruſh flaming through a bloody Sky,
Wounding the air, vaſt pointed ſplinters fly,
Immortal Spirits drop down, and ſeem to die;
A Hoſt of Heavenly Warriours bright and gay,
Appointed ſtand, and ready for the fray:
In Golden Arms their ſhining Chiefs appear,
Helmets and Shields of Diamonds they wear,
And Spears, with Stars of value ſet, they bear.

Han. The end of all things ſure is drawing nigh.

Mah. Through the void place ſwift Darts obliquely fly;
Black ſwarthy Demons hold a hollow Cloud,
And with long Thunder-bolts they Drum aloud;
Their Trumpets all with Sun-beams are inlay'd,
Where dreadful ſounds by fiery breath are made;
Mountains are buried in the Womb of Earth,
A Grave they find where firſt they had their birth;
Our Houſhold Gods ſweat as they ſtand, and all
Your Garlands from their Temples untouch'd fall.
A Wolf but now, his Jaws all bloodied o're,
And by his ſide a Savage foaming Boar,
Your Out-guards fac'd, and ſlaughter there began;
Nor ſtop'd they, but through all the Army ran;
'Till ſatiated with blood, the Monſters fled,
Vaniſh'd from ſight, and in dark Foreſts hid.

Han. Lead to the place from whence we may deſcry
Theſe dreadful Prodigies that fill the Sky.
Command our Prieſts a Sacrifice prepare,
T'appeaſe the angry Demons of the air. [*Exeunt*

The

The SCENE *drawn, discovers a Heaven of Blood, two Suns, Spirits in Battel, Arrows shot to and fro in the Air; Cries of yielding Persons,* &c. *Cries of* Carthage *is fall'n,* Carthage, *&c.*

Re-enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Han. What mean the Gods by these phantastick forms?
And unprovok'd, why do they raise such storms?
Mah. When dreadful Prodigies like these appear,
The sure destruction of some State is near.
Our General's mov'd, his angry looks dart fire,
And noble rage does his griev'd Soul inspire.
Han. Can this be true? answer ye Powers Divine,
Shall in our Death the *Roman* Glory shine?
Has Fate our ruine fix'd? Is it decreed,
That *Carthage* fall, and *Hannibal* must bleed?
Yet with unshaken Souls our doom we'll wait,
And perish bravely, though unfortunate:
Yes, ye malicious Powers, this *Hannibal*,
Whom you untimely to destruction call,
Still what he was, shall like a Souldier fall.
Let *Hanno* shiver in the arms of Death;
But loud reports shall wait our parting breath:
We'll drown the talking Gods with our last cry,
And Earth shall thunder back upon the Sky.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Roman Camp.

Enter Scipio, Lelius, *Attendants*, Varro, *Guard.*

Scip. 'TIs strange that we no News from *Cirta* hear;
No Souldier thence?
Lel. None, Sir, does yet appear.
Scip. 'Twere fit some Tribune with our Horse should go,
And the Intents of *Massanissa* know.

Enter Roſalinda, *and* Maſſina.

Roſ. Where is the General? By your Majeſty,
And auguſt Garb, you ſhould the Conſul be:
If ſuch you are, I charge you ſet me free:

Scip. Your ſtrict Commands are told in ſuch a way,
The Conſul doubts whether he ſhould obey;
Nor know I, Fair One, what, or whoſe you are,
Wrongfully held, or Priſoner of War.

Roſ. By right or wrong, when Beauty pleads like mine,
'Tis fit you ſtraight my liberty enjoyn;
To keep me here againſt my will, is wrong,
Since *I to Hannibal* the Great belong:
Dare you detain what's his?

Scip. We all things dare,
But would not willingly offend the Fair;
None ſhall preſume your freedom to deny,
If with the gift we may your friendſhip buy.

Roſ. My friendſhip? No; to death I hate you all,
All that bear arms againſt my *Hannibal*;
A Man ſo great, I, though a *Roman* born,
Can for his ſake, my Friends, my Country ſcorn;
Who drives the braveſt of you from the Field,
As I in Cities make all Beauties yield.
Rome! ſhe's not fit, though ſhe her head lay down,
To be his Foot-ſtool, when he mounts a Throne.

Scip. My yet unſhaken Soul, with Virtue bound,
No force of War, or Love cou'd ever wound:
But *Mars* and *Cupid* now at once appear,
And ſtrike me with an Object fierce and fair.
How her Eyes ſhine? what killing fires they dart!
And all within I feel the fatal ſmart.
Away with her, ſhe is a Sorcereſs, go.

Maſſ. Stay, ſtay, my Lord, remember ſhe's your Foe;
Beſides I love her; and if ſhe depart,
Or ſuffer any wrong, 'twill break my heart.
By all thoſe Noble Promiſes you made, [*Kneels.*
When *Aſdrubal* in *Spain* before you fled,
And I your Priſoner was, you lov'd me then,
With Gold and Jewels ſent me home again,
And hung about my neck a Diamond Chain.

Scip.

Scip. At your Requeſt, ſhe ſhall not go, but ſtay
With me.

Maſſ. With you? Diſpatch her, Sir, away.
A Rival in my love I cannot bear:
Love-toyes, my Lord, below your greatneſs are,
They'l take you off the buſineſs of the War.

Scip. Though War uſurp the Day, Love claims the Night,
At leaſt we'll try this am'rous new delight.

Maſſ. Yes, you may try, but ne're can pleaſe like me;
You'l ſtill be dreaming, Sir, of Victory,
Of ſtorming Forts, and digging Trenches deep,
And call for arms, and break your Miſtreſs's ſleep.

Roſ. The ſerious Trifles of your love adjourn.
For know I view you both with equal ſcorn.
O mighty *Hannibal*! thou all Divine,
This loyal Heart ſhall never be but thine;
How little theſe compar'd to thee? how low?

Scip. Trophies as great, and Conqueſt we can ſhow,
Noble as thoſe which his fam'd arms adorn,
From as dire dangers Victory hath torn.

Roſ. 'Tis true ſome Glory you atchiev'd in *Spain*,
And *Carthagina* by ſurpriſe did gain;
For your late Conqueſt poorly did conſpire,
Pretending peace, you ſet the Camp on Fire:
Yet you will loudly talk of *Roman* Fame,
When all your Eagles Dove-like flew ſo tame:
But *Hannibal* with noiſe to War proceeds,
Makes the World ſtart at his unequal'd deeds;
He like ſome rolling Whale, who as he laves,
With his bright armory gilds all the waves;
Daſhes the frighted Nations from his ſide,
That pale and foaming fury far off ride,
O're all the watry Region does command;
The Ocean's Lord, and Tyrant of the Land:
While your tame Legions, like the ſmaller fry,
Glide ſilent on, and only twinkle by.

Scip. Take her, *Maſſina*, bear her from my Tent,
To Freedom, Chains, to Death, or Baniſhment:
Bear her where I may neve, ſee her more.

[Maſſina *lead*

She's gone, and now I am as heretofore,
My panting Heart with Thirst of Glory burns;
Fame flies before, and beck'ning Fortune turns,
Bevers and Bucklers, Swords and Massie Shields,
And all the wonted Objects fancy yields,
Black Hills, and dusty Plains, and bloody Fields.

Enter Maherbal.

What art thou? 'Tis the Consul speaks.

Mah. From *Hannibal* I come with you to treat,
E're Fortune half the frighted World defeat:
The Grace which for his Spies you did command,
He thanks you for: But with his Sword in Hand;
He who ne're yet a Parley wish'd with *Rome*,
Since War is to the dreadful upshot come,
Would hold Discourse with you of the Earth's doom.

Scip. 'Tis granted; where's the place?

Mah. On *Zama*'s Plain,
Attended only with five hundred Men;
Soon as the morn's first blushes shall appear,
Expect the terrour of your armies there. [*Exit.*

Scip. Wou'd it were done, the great decision made;
Rome Crown'd, and in the Dust great *Carthage* laid.

Enter Trebellius.

Treb. Laurels, and all the Trophies Conquest yields,
Colours and Standards, bought with blood in Fields,
King *Massiniſſa* does to *Scipio* send,
His God-like Master, and his War-like Friend.

Scip. Relate in brief the progress of his arms.

Treb. Soon as King *Syphax* heard our dread alarms,
He sent some Troops of horse abroad to scout,
which were by equal numbers put to rout.
Urg'd with despair, and by his charming Wife,
Whose Beauty has been fatal to his Life,
He came in person forth, to end the strife.
Our Battles join'd, and fiercely it was fought,
Till to the last extreams our Troops were brought;
When *Massiniſſa* more than Man appear'd,
And with his overflowing Valour clear'd
Those mighty odds, which first our Souldiers fear'd.

Scip.

Scip. Some wondrous act of fortitude was ſhown,
Which could reſettle Troops half overthrown.
Treb. Where e're our General turn'd Death mark'd his look,
And whom he ey'd, with his cold Arrow ſtrook;
Like ſome vaſt flame he made his glorious way,
And all about him deſolation lay.
Syphax, whoſe name he made to Heav'n reſound,
With cries of echoing Joys at laſt he found,
Trembling, though with his Guards encompaſs'd round;
Swift as revenge could dart, he on him flew,
Whom from his Horſe with his hands force he drew;
And pierc'd his heart in both the armies view:
Which ſeen, with one conſent the Souldiers fled,
As if all hopes were with their Monarch dead.
Scip. Cirta ſhould after ſuch a loſs, in courſe,
Surrender to the Victor's dreaded force.
Treb. It did, great Sir: To *Maſſiniſſa* now
The graveſt Lords with willing homage bow;
Where, as I did amongſt the foremoſt ride,
'Twas wiſh'd the Queen might prove the Victor's Bride.
Scip. I rather wiſh thou coud'ſt not Conqueſt boaſt,
And that the King were with the Battel loſt.
To *Cirta*, *Lelius*, inſtantly repair,
And make that ſubtile Queen our Priſoner:
If *Maſſiniſſa* ſhould oppoſe you, ſay,
'Tis my command, who ſwore you to obey. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, *and* Bomilcar.

Han. My *Roſalinda* free'd, and in my Tent?
But wherefore was that ſtranger with her ſent?
Thou haſt a Tempeſt rais'd within my mind;
Speak, was this Youth ſo fair, and ſhe ſo kind?
Bom. Your *Roſalinda*'s Beauty did appear
Bright as Noon-day; all piercing, ſprightly clear:
But he who led her ſeem'd ſo ſoft and young,
As if that Pity handed Love along;
And tears his bluſhing Cheeks did ſo adorn,
Methought the Sun came uſher'd by the Morn.
Han. Ceaſe thy unwelcome Praiſe; what did ſhe ſay?
Bom. That ſhe wou'd there for your appearance ſtay:

I bow'd, and went, but being curious grown,
I ſtopp'd a while, to mark that Fair Unknown:
When ſhe with languiſhing intreaties ſaid,
Is this your love? Shall I not be obey'd?
Be gone, be gone, if *Hannibal* ſhould come,
And but ſuſpect, Death were a certain doom.
Han. Peace, Harbinger of Fate; with Ravens dwell,
Thy tale at midnight to the dying tell:
Oh! it has pierc'd me like a poiſon'd Dart,
Which by degrees infects the Blood and Heart;
And now it higher mounts, divides my head,
Where like a Plague its pointed Venoms ſpread,
My brain ten thouſand various tortures turn;
Now Agues chill me, and now Fevers burn.
Oh *Roſalinda*! Falſe ungrateful Maid,
Am I for loſs of Glory thus repaid?
But let's away, to my Pavilion lead;
That Raviſher of all my hopes ſhall bleed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Roſalinda, *and* Maſſina.

Roſ. Why will you ſtay? if you did ever love,
Let me conjure you, from this place remove.
Maſſ. Permit me as your Menial Servant ſtay,
And near your Perſon ſigh my Life away:
Is that ſo much?
Roſ. It cannot, muſt not be,
That you ſhould idly ſpend your hours with me:
You like the Golden Planet of the Day,
Should as you riſe, all glorious ſet, all gay;
A generous Pity does my heart ſubdue,
Which bids you now eternally adieu.
Maſſ. Say, your diſdain.——Alas! how can I part?
Methinks I go as if I had no Heart:
But ſince you are reſolv'd it muſt be ſo,
Near to ſome murmuring Brook I'll lay me down;
Whoſe Waters, if they ſhould too ſhallow flow,
My Tears ſhall ſwell 'em up that I will drown.
Enter Hannibal, Bomilcar, Aſper.
Roſ. Maſſina, ſtay; I ſtrictly charge you live.
Han. Not Heav'n, nor Earth can grant him a Reprieve,
Since

Since *Hannibal* has vow'd that he ſhall die:
Bomilcar bind him, bind him inſtantly:
Falſe *Roſalinda*!——Bear him from my ſight,
And ſhade his Beauties with Eternal Night.
Is it for this at laſt we meet again?
Wou'd you had ſtill the Conſul's Captive been.
Roſ. Oh *Hannibal*! can you reſiſt my Tears?
What change is this your ſtormy temper wears?
He ſhall not die, *Bomilcar*, *Aſper*, ſtay,
'Tis I command you; dare you diſobey?
Han. Be gone, he dies who liſtens to her Pray'r;
Pull off his Bracelets, let him Shackles wear,
With Fetters fret his ſoft and ſupple Skin;
Too light a pennance for ſo foul a ſin. [Maſſina *is taken away.*
Roſ. If *Roſalinda* yet has any part
Left in that cruel, yet renowned Heart,
This Strangers freedom inſtantly enjoyn,
And you ſhall ever be the Lord of mine.
Han. How dar'ſt thou plead for him, falſe as you are?
Falſer, if poſſible, than thou art fair:
In his behalf no Interceſſion make,
His torments ſhall be doubled for thy ſake.
Roſ. Henceforth wrong'd Innocence from Courts retreat,
Thou beſt, but rare Companion of the great:
Since thus abus'd, ah! viſit them no more,
But reſt thy ſorrows at ſome Shepherd's Door.
Han. Oh guilt! canſt thou to Innocence appeal,
Who to this youth ſuch kindneſs did reveal?
Roſ. If pity kindneſs be, I was moſt kind,
Who all my ſoftneſs to his griefs reſign'd;
And what but Marble Hearts could ſee him mourn,
Yet ſo much ſweetneſs with ſuch ſorrows ſcorn?
Han. Pity like yours that does ſo ſwiftly move,
Is the forerunner of approaching Love.
Roſ. Unworthy of the Honour you poſſeſs;
My Paſſion's great, wou'd I cou'd make it leſs:
Know, moſt unjuſt, and jealous, therefore vain,
For Jealouſie's great weakneſs in great Men;
My conſtant Soul did for thy Glory wave,
The Rich, the Young, the Beautiful, and Brave.

My

My Charms the cold and temp'rate Conſul felt,
Whilſt Beauties Beams did fiercly on him play:
The Froſt, which long had bound his heart, did melt,
And Love like Sun-ſhine thaw'd his Ice away.
Han. Your looks methinks have quite another air;
Nor doubt I but your beauty has been try'd,
So faint Loves Colours in your face appear,
Like Silks that loſe their gloſs by being dy'd.
Roſ. That *Scipio*, nor this Prince, whom cruel you
Have bound, cou'd nothing on my heart prevail,
Is as Heav'ns high Decree moſt juſtly true;
And I am innocent, as thou art frail.
Han. Alas! 'twas innocence to ſay, be gone,
If *Hannibal* ſhou'd but ſuſpect, you're dead!
Roſ. Compaſſion, for a Love I could not own,
Urg'd me to ſpeak: what you have heard, was ſaid;
Therefore releaſe him inſtantly from Bands,
And yield him ſafe into the Conſul's hands,
Without delays or murmuring free him ſtrait;
Or may your Lawrels never more be green,
Nor may your arms in War be fortunate,
Nor *Roſalinda* but with frowns be ſeen.
Han. Stay, Madam——Haſte, the Captive Prince unbind,
My Heart to others rough, the Souldiers crime,
As Rocks to Seas, or ſtubborn Oaks to Wind,
Shall bow to you, as thoſe muſt yield to time:
Forgive my temper, harden'd with the Steel,
In which I ſtood almoſt Immortal Man,
Till Love let fall a blow, that made me reel,
And pointed beauty through my armour ran;
Can you forgive the rudeneſs of my mind?
Roſ. Forgo you Jealouſie, and I'll be kind.

Enter Maſſina *unbound.*

Han. May a raſh Man, wrong'd Prince, your pardon crave?
Maſſ. No, Sir, my pardon you ſhall never have;
For know I hate thee on a double ſcore,
Much for thy Love, more for Tyrannick Pow'r:
Princes who have like me diſhonour'd been,
Should bluſh to be diſhonour'd ſo agen.

Fall

Fall, die, diſpatch, to Fortune's malice bow,
Thy Royal Uncle would not own thee now.
Life proffer'd with the World, I wou'd not take;
Yet I could live for *Roſalinda's* ſake:
Speak, *Hannibal*, wilt thou thy ſhare reſign?
Roſ. He may; but I can never part with mine.
Maſſ. How, never?
Roſ. Never.
Maſſ. O unkind hard Heart!
Love when he ſhot me, ſure miſtook his Dart,
Or chang'd with death, whoſe quick deſtroying Shaft
Thus drinks my blood, thus with a full deep draught.
[*Stabs himſelf.*
Roſ. Hold, cruel Prince; the Dagger from him wreſt.
Han. Too late, alas! I drew it from his breaſt.
Roſ. What have you done?
Maſſ. Only my body drain'd
Of that ſick blood, which *Hannibal* had ſtain'd:
What leſs than Death could I to honour give?
And love neglected charg'd me not to live.
Now you may take him, take him to you all,
This cruel, haughty, happy *Hannibal.*
Han. The buſ'neſs of our Life's a ſenſeleſs thing;
Why burns th' ambitious man to be a King?
Or to what purpoſe does the Warrior call
For arms? Or Gown-men buſtle in the Hall?
Sport for the Gods, they whirl us here and there,
As Boys blow watry bubbles in the air.
My help!
Maſſ. Ah let me not be touch'd by thee,
If Foes may capable of pity be.
Your *Roſalinda* ſeize, and with her fly
To Golden beds; embrace her faſt, while I
Within my dark and duſty Dungeon lie. [*Dies.*
Han. Crouds of ill-boding thoughts my Soul diſmay.
His body to the *Roman* Camp convey,
Hears'd in a Mourning Chariot, ſoftly tread,
And look ſo ſad that they may think you dead. [*They bear off the Body.*
Roſ. This your ſuſpicion of my Honour was:
See the effects where Jealouſie's the cauſe.

Ah

Ah cruel *Victor*, I cou'd curſe thee now;
Wiſh all thy Lawrels blaſted on thy brow.
Love ſickens, with this deed, my Tranſports fade,
Would we were both in Earths low Cavern laid,
Curtain'd with ſhady horrours, where the Sun,
And Stars their fiery Courſes never run,
But all the buſineſs of the World is done. [*Exit.*

Han. Oh that my Heart her future State cou'd find:
Know to what good or ill this Life's deſign'd.
Prudence againſt ſuch knowledge may adviſe:
But who of all mankind was always wiſe?
For the great ſecret to the Gods I'll go;
And if they fail me, fathom for't below,
Though hid by Fate under a thouſand Rocks,
And drag it up by the dark jetty locks.
Let it as gaſtly as a Gorgon come,
Stiff with the view, I will outgaze my doom.

The SCENE *the City of* Cirta.

Enter King Maſſiniſſa, *and* Menander.

[*Trumpets ſound a lofty March.*

K. *Maſ.* Was ever Victory ſo ſwiftly won?
We ſcarce had leiſure to demand the Town:
Their Gates were open'd with ſuch haſte and fear,
As if our conquering Swords Enchanted were.

Men. Syphax, the great Uſurper of your Throne,
Is to revenging Furies downwards gone:
In Hells low Valleys grown the darkeſt Weed,
And feels the ſtings that make Ambition bleed.

K. *Maſ.* Straight to the Palace bid our forces turn,
Where *Sophonisba* does her loſſes mourn.
We'll viſit that forſworn illuſtrious fair,
To let her ſee how unconcern'd we are.

Men. Since you have promis'd that you would forſake,
Why ſhould your Virtue needleſs tryals make?
Love, though ſcarce warm, within your boſom pent,
Fann'd with her kindling ſighs, may get a vent:

Like

Like heat which ſtifled in ſome cloſer ſpace,
If any air gets in, fires all the place.
K. Maſ. Darſt thou ſuſpect? I ſay, it cannot be:
Has air, or its wing'd Rangers, liberty?
Looſe, like the wind; as the wide Ocean free;
My enlarg'd Soul rolls wantonly along,
Can hear unmov'd the warbling *Syren's* Song;
Braving her Eyes, her falſhood I'll upbraid,
For thoſe rude wrongs ſhe on my Virtue laid.
Man. Your Majeſty beſt knows what's fit to chuſe;
I humbly offer'd what you may refuſe.
K. Maſ. Perhaps my preſent rage I may not keep;
For ſhe has words would make the Cruel weep;
And Charms as powerful as *Circes* wiles;
As raviſh'd Virgins ſighs, or Infants ſmiles.
But I more blind with Rage than ſhe with Tears,
Maugre the cunning which her ſorrow wears,
Her hopes will laugh at, and deſpiſe her fears.

The SCENE, *The Palace.*

Enter Sophonisba, Rezambe *and* Merna.

Soph. Rome and the World, againſt my Life combine;
Methinks I'm ſtill a Queen whilſt this is mine.
Though *Maſſiniſſa* has the King o'rethrown,
And his Victorious Troops poſſeſs the Town;
Yet *Sophonisba* is, and ſhall be free,
Spight of the frighted Senators Decree.
They bluſh to ſee this Life ſo glorious ſhine;
And fear their Eagles Eyes ſhould dazl'd be with mine.
Merna, if I have ought from thee deſerv'd,
Be grateful thus, and thou haſt nobly ſerv'd.
Mer. Not for the World.
Soph. Rezambe, thou art brave,
Strike, and the *Carthaginian* glory ſave.
How will the Juſt, the Valiant, and the Wiſe,
Extol thy Virtue, and thy Courage prize?
Who durſt the ſoftneſs of thy Sex forego,
And free thy Country with one deſperate blow;
A deed that will even *Hannibal* out-do.

Rez. Rather than I would live to ſee thoſe Hands,
Which Kings have kiſs'd, fetter'd with *Roman* Bands;
That Body like a Pageant wretch adorn'd,
Gracing the Victor's wheels your greatneſs ſcorn'd:
Rather than this endure, by all that's good,
I'd bathe this dagger in your Life's warm flood,
Till the Haft reek'd with your Hearts Royal blood.

Soph. O thou moſt noble Martial worthy Maid,
If by thy Eyes my Soul could be ſurvey'd,
Thou wouldſt believe what cannot be expreſt,
How dear thou art to *Sophonisba*'s breaſt.
Thy voice, like ſad, but pleaſing Muſick flew;
Like dying Swans, 'twas ſweet and fatal too.
Now ſtrike, and bravely act thy Tragick part:
Juſt here, ſtrike through and through this wretched Heart.

Rez. Death's our laſt remedy, as 'tis the worſt:
'Tis fit you try the Victor's mercy firſt,
Prince *Maſſiniſſa* lov'd you once; who knows
But the ſame paſſion in his boſom glows?
Blow it into a Flame; try all your Charms;
Love laughs at brandiſh'd Swords, and glittering arms.

Mer. Never was man like *Maſſiniſſa* kind;
By Nature mild, and amorouſly inclin'd.
Not vanquiſh'd *Syphax* dying fell ſo low,
As this charm'd Prince will to your beauty bow.

Rez. Imputed Treachery you ought to clear;
Let Guilt ſhrink back, and Innocence appear:
I'll hide the Ponyard in my robe; if he
Dooms you a Slave, this gives you liberty.

Soph. When breach of Faith joyn'd Hearts does diſ-ingage,
The calmeſt Temper turns to wildeſt Rage:
He thinks me falſe, though I have been moſt true;
And thinking ſo, what may his fury do?

Rez. His Trumpets Clangors make the Palace ring;
Here wait your fate, and this Victorious King.

Enter King Maſſiniſſa, Menander, *Attendants.*

K. Maſſ. Madam, I come to tell you that you are
No more a Queen, but Priſoner of War.
The King, whoſe loſs 'tis probable you grieve,
To whoſe lov'd memory thoſe tears you give,

For

For Judgment is to Heav'ns Tribunal gone;
And I now come to claim my Father's Throne.
You in the War have been unfortunate;
Not but your Cauſe deſerv'd a better fate.
Soph. Of Empire's Joys to you a Gift I make,
More willingly than I did ever take.
Freely as ever *Syphax* made it mine,
To *Maſſiniſſa* I my Crown reſign.
K. Maſ. Not as your gift; Crowns I ſhould then deſpiſe.
But as my right by Birth and Valour's Prize,
My Father *Galla*'s Diadem I'll bear,
And all the Royalties of *Cirta* wear.
Soph. Theſe Springs of grief unkindneſs now ſupplies.
K. Maſſ. *Syphax* deſerv'd that Tribute from your Eyes.
Soph. There is a Cauſe more worthy of theſe Tears.
K. Maſ. More worthy? what, than *Syphax*? for your ſake,
Did he not Fame and Empire Victims make,
Giving Love over-meaſure; when at laſt,
He threw his Life up for you as a Caſt?
Soph. If what I ſpeak might kindly be receiv'd——
But miſery can never be believ'd.
K. Maſ. Not you believ'd! O Gods, is it clear day?
So manifeſt are all things that you ſay.
Not you believ'd! what hardned Infidel
Shall dare to doubt the Oracles you tell?
Soph. I will, when ſorrow ſhall permit me, ſpeak;
But ſure my Heart muſt with unkindneſs break.
K. Maſſ. 'Tis poſſible; yet, Madam, e're I go,
Expreſs your will, for I have much to do:
My Men I have not plac'd; my Father's Throne
We have not fill'd; I muſt, I muſt be gone.
Menander, do we Triumph?
Men. Bravely, Sir;
All like your ſelf, and more than Conquerour.
Rez. Merna., we're loſt: with what a haughty ſcorn
He turns away, and ſmiles to ſee her mourn!
Soph. Are you not *Maſſiniſſa* call'd?
K. Maſ. I am.
Soph. Have you not heard of *Sophonisba*'s name?
She who unmov'd your high diſdain endures;
Yet *Sophonisba* who was always yours.

K. Maſ. Oh Heavens!

Soph. Whom waſting cares did all the day devour,
Who watch'd all Night, counting each tedious hour:
And never found that there were joys in Power.

K. Maſ. Ha! *Sophonisba!* yes I knew her well,
That Angel fair, and lov'd her e're ſhe fell.
Oh, *Sophonisba*, hadſt thou but a mind
Half beauteous as the caſe where 'tis inſhrin'd,
Thou wert;——but ſhe is dangerous to name:
My Reaſon's ſnatch'd by my tempeſtuous Flame.
Menander help——
Or I ſhall ſink in the abyſs of thought,
My Vows, my Friendſhip, Glory, all forgot:
As when we launch into the Sea, the Land
Goes backward, with the Trees, and all the neighbouring ſtrand.

Men. Be gone, my Lord, you're ruin'd if you ſtay.

K. Maſ. What, from the vanquiſh'd ſhall we run away?

Mern. Still there's ſome hopes, ſince at her name he ſhook,
And now he eyes her with a kindling look.

Rez. With that laſt Glance methought Love ſhot him there.

K. Maſ. Yes, Madam, this is *Maſſiniſſa* here;
I am (to thy Confuſion be it known)
A walking Grave with ſorrows overgrown,
With rooted cares, and every baneful Weed,
That nightly watchings and pale troubles breed.
Once I was free from theſe, and flouriſh'd fair,
Like a tall Tree I bloſſom'd in the air,
My chearful Friends like Birds about me ſung;
Free from the Charms of thy deceitful Tongue,
And ripening hopes blooming around me hung.
Till thou, fair Murd'reſs, didſt like Lightning fall,
And blaſted Bloſſoms, Branches, Root, and all.

Soph. O, *Maſſiniſſa*, hear I this from thee?

K. Maſ. 'Tis equally a truth from him or me,
Or any here——why, Madam, not from me?
But if my preſence ſhould a trouble prove,
I will for ever from your ſight remove.

Soph. Stay, *Maſſiniſſa*, ſtay, my Life, my Soul;
Why do your Eyes with ſuch ſtrange motion roll?
Your fury in this Heart that loves you hide.

K. Maſ. Where does that Searcher of the Soul reſide,

Who

Who through blind tracks finds out a Womans Heart?
Loe here's a bar, a ſtop to all his art,
Who wou'd not ſwear that ſuch a Love was true?
Soph. Do I not love you? by the Gods I do.
K. Maſ. Oh thou diſſembler! once this wou'd have done;
But all thy practis'd wiles at laſt are known.
Juſt ſo ſhe talk'd, and ſo ſhe wept before,
And with that beauteous honeſt look ſhe ſwore:
Gods! if I ſtay, I ſhall believe again;
Farewell thou greateſt pleaſure, greateſt pain.
Soph. By all our loves, this cannot muſt not be;
Thoſe cruel words cou'd not be meant to me.
To me, who love you with a heart entire,
A Flame more laſting than the Veſtal's fire,
To me, who am indeed all one deſire.
Ah Prince, thy Love is all my Light and Health,
The Treaſure I would hoard, my only Wealth:
Take not that from me.
K. Maſ. 'Tis but vain delay.
Soph. Unkindly urg'd; why do you turn away; [*Kneels.*
You ſhall not go, 'till you have left me dead;
My tears 'till now were never vainly ſhed.
O hear my ſighs, my Vows, ye Powers above,
If any Power like me could ever love.
Let looſe your Fires, and thaw this frozen Heart;
And thou, dread God of Love, try every Dart.
You ſhannot ſtir.
K. Maſ. What means this riſing Flood? [*Weeps.*
Soph. Nature Will ſtart at ſuch ingratitude:
Revenge on after Ages this diſgrace,
And only Monſters make of Humane Race;
Inhumane thou.
K. Maſ. She ſhall not; yet ſhe ſhall;
She graſps my Heart, and cries, ſhe'll have it all.
'Tis ſo, her Eyes reſiſtleſs Magick bear;
Angels I ſee, and Gods are dancing there.
Riſe, Madam, riſe; each ſigh, each ſoftning glance,
Lulls my loud wrongs; I'm huſh'd, and in a Trance.
Men. His Sighs flow from him with ſo ſtrong a gale,
As if his Soul would through his Lips exhale.

Soph.

Soph. Cou'd you be thus? on your poor Miſtreſs frown?
What was my fault, alas! What have I done?
K. Maſ. Nothing; why, nothing; only this thou art,
My Life, my Soul, my Spirits, Blood, and Heart.
Whoſe Hands leaſt thrilling touch does pleaſe above
The very Act of any other Love.
Gods, how ſhe Charms! none ſure was e're like thee:
Nor wild as I; Storms borrow rage of me.
But thou art ſoft, and ſweet, and ſilent all,
As births of Roſes, or as bloſſoms fall.
Soph. This Roſe that ſticks ſo near your Heart will fade,
When planted by your hand in Death's cold ſhade.
K. Maſ. By mine; Not Savages would harm thy breaſt;
On whoſe refreſhing Pillows *Jove* might reſt,
And with Immortal ſweets be ever bleſt.
So fair, 'tis well thou art not faithful too;
I cou'd not bear my bliſs, if thou wert true.
Soph. Think me not falſe, though I did *Syphax* wed,
Who ever was a ſtranger to my Bed.
Forc'd by my Father's poſitive Command,
I muſt confeſs I ſuffer'd him my hand:
Heaven curſe me if I ever granted more;
Cou'd I be his, having been yours before?
K. Maſ. Why do you ſtop? ſtill as a ſtatue low
I ſtand, nor ſhall the wind preſume to blow.
Speak, and it ſhall be Night: not one ſhall dare
To ſigh, though on the Rack he tortur'd were,
Nor for his Soul whiſper a dying Prayer.
Soph. Make your love long, and let it burn leſs faſt:
Theſe ſudden Raptures are too hot to laſt.
K. Maſ. Right, Madam; long if we ſuch Joys ſhould feel,
The furious Tranſports of delight would kill.
Menander to the Temple lead away,
By my clear Fame this is our Marriage day.
Soph. Your Fame does far above all cenſure ſit,
Free from the taunts of low repining Wit.
Kings though they err, ſhould never be arraign'd;
But if I yield, my Glory will be ſtain'd.
What will the World report of ſuch a Bride,
Who Married the ſame day her Husband dy'd?

K. Maſ.

K. Maſ. Since *Scipio* is your mortal Enemy,
It muſt be ſo upon neceſſity.
Who yet will not moleſt you being mine.
Soph. Then to the Gods let me my breath reſign.
K. Maſ. Can you conſent, rather than be my Wife,
To hazard Honour, Liberty, and Life?
Soph. But, Sir——
K. Maſ. But, Madam, ſay what you can ſay,
You ought not, muſt not, and I cannot ſtay,
One minute more caſts both our lives away.
Soph. Know, mighty Prince, I was, and am the ſame;
And though the World this act may juſtly blame,
I will be yours, and in that way you name.
But firſt, by all the Gods and Glory, ſwear,
Rather than yield me up *Rome*'s Priſoner,
That you ſome fatal token will preſent,
To free me from inglorious puniſhment.
K. Maſ. I ſwear by Heaven, by Glory, and by Arms,
By ſomething more, by your own Conquering Charms,
You ſhall be ever from the *Romans* free;
Or I by Death will give you liberty.
Soph. Now lead me where you pleaſe.
K. Maſ. A taſte of bliſs.
The God of Marriage ſeal our Vows with this; [*Kiſſes her.*
Nectar, and flames, the ſweets of *Hibla* grow,
About her Lips ambroſial Odours flow.
Let melancholly Monarchs Counſel take,
Wed by advice, and ſullen Nuptials make;
But I prefer what thus my Arms infold,
To all the wealth that Earth or Seas can hold,
To Rocks of Diamonds, or to Hills of Gold.
Spight of proud *Rome*, and all her haughty Meen
She was my Miſtreſs, and ſhall be my Queen.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Bellona's *Temple.*

An altar is shown, with a Souldier lying upon it, arm'd all but his Head: Aglave, Cumana, *standing each upon a Tripos, with Daggers in their Right-hands, and Censers in their left.*

Agla. E'RE we our solemn Rites begin,
The Sacred Cavern purge from Sin:
About the dreadful Altar go;
About it Incantations blow.
Cum. The dire Oblation thus we drain,
And with his blood our Temples stain:
The Screech-Owl warns us with her Note,
Strike your dagger in his Throat:
Gash him deep, and suck his Blood;
Prepare his frighted Ghost a shrowd.
Agla. Rise, ye Sulph'rous Flames, arise;
Consume the baleful Sacrifice:
That of his ashes we may take,
And clotted Cinders with 'em rake,
And Viands for *Bellona* make.
Cum. Our Goddess smil'd; 'tis done, 'tis done;
The *Romans* have the Battel won:
From yonder Battlement of Heav'n,
I saw the *Carthaginians* driv'n.
They fly, they fly: The Consul there
Pursues 'em through long tracks of air:
He puts their General to rout;
And drives 'em like a storm about.
Agla. Our Goddess shall have Death enough;
Her Shrine with fat of thousands stuff;
With goary Heads her Altar fill:
And Tuns of Blood upon 'em spill.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Cum. But loe, who comes? what, what are these,
That pry into our Mysteries?

Speak

Speak, ſpeak, *Aglave*; I'll be gone,
Their buſineſs know, I'll come anon:
The fit of Prophecy's come on.
Our Goddeſs does the Tunnel wind,
And ſacred horrours ſwell my mind. [*Exit.*

Agla. What are you? and what is it you would know?

Han. Men call me *Hannibal*, *Rome*'s dreadful Foe:
Who after many Battels loſt and won,
Reſolve to periſh, or my Conqueſt Crown.
One Day the World's great Empire muſt decide;
But, what the God's and that great Day provide,
We wiſh to know, who dare the worſt abide.

Agla. Cumana to the ſacred Tunnel cleaves,
Her Breaſt enlarg'd, the Goddeſs now receives,
And now ſhe rages like a *Bacchanal*,
With fury's acted, rends the holy Veil:
Full of the Deity, about ſhe roams,
Stares, gapes, and on the hallowed Curtain foams:
Cuts her hot Fleſh, grovels upon the ground,
Sings, Dances, kicks the Golden Tripods round.

Enter Cumana *ſcratching her Face, ſtabbing a Dagger into her Arms: Spirits following her.*

Sings.

Beneath the Poplar's ſhadow lay me;
No raging Fires will there diſmay me:
Near ſome Silver current lying,
Under ſleepy Poppies dying.
I ſwell and am bigger than Typhon *e're was;*
With a ſtrong Band of Braſs, O bind me about:
Leſt my Body ſhould burſt, for the ſecret to paſs,
And a vent being given, the fury got out.
I cannot, I will not be vext any longer;
While I rage, I grow weak, and the Goddeſs grows ſtronger.

She ſpeaks.

If *Hannibal* to *Zama* tend,
His Valour *Scipio* ſhall commend,
And near *Bagrada*, on the Plain,
There ſhall be thouſand *Romans* ſlain.

Thou with thy old *Italian* band
Shalt put the Conſul to a ſtand.

Sings.

Hark, hark, the Drums rattle,
Dub a dub to the Battle.
Tararara, Tararara the Trumpets too rattle.
Now, now they come on, and pell mell they mingle.
What ruſling and buſling;
And ſplinters of Lances with broken Arms jingle,
Gold Trappings, bright Bevers, Swords, Bucklers and Daggers?
The ſtout Man flies on, and the faint-hearted ſtaggers.

See, the Saddle-Girts burſt,
And the General's unhorſt;
But he rallies agen,
And brings up his Men,
Spight of Fortune and Fate,
And the Gods that oppoſe;
He hacks, and he hews,
Through the Hearts of his Foes.

Ceaſe, Goddeſs, ceaſe, thy Servant to torment;
My Lungs are with Prophetick fury ſpent.
The ſtrugling Fates within my boſom turn,
And Heavenly Fires my trembling Heart-ſtrings burn.
When will thy Godhead let me reſt,
Too mighty for a mortal breaſt?
Agla. Cumana, to a period haſte:
You ſhall have eaſe when you have done;
And ſweet refreſhing ſlumbers taſte,
Upon the borders of the Moon.

A Dance of Spirits.

Cum. Lo afar off the curſt *Bythinian* band,
A poyſon'd General rules upon the Sand.
Gods, how he ſwells! how bloated is his look!
Death from the pummel of his Sword he took. [*Exit.*
Han. Shall *Romans* fall by *Carthaginians* Swords,
And *Carthage* ſink? what mean theſe myſtick words?

A fooliſh Bard as much as this might tell;
Or a white Witch, without the aid of Hell.
More I muſt know; ſpeak *Roſalinda*'s doom:
Let all the loſſes of a Battel come,
May *Scipio* in the duſt our Glory ſoil,
We'll bear the frowns of *Mars*, if *Cupid* ſmile.

Agla. Too curious Mortal, ſeek not what once known,
May ſnatch your ſleep, and make you ever groan.
Your fate crowds back, and would not come in view;
Do not too far the unwilling Gods purſue:
Like one, who raſhly dares give Spirits chace,
They fly a while to ſome dark ruin'd place,
Through Caverns run, through Cloyſters dodge him round,
Or dance before him over Fairy ground;
Till urg'd too far, a Face all pale and ſad
Turns quick upon him, and the Fool runs mad.

Bom. Let's go, my Lord; I am not us'd to fear,
And yet methinks I dread to tarry here.

Mah. Heaps of the ſlain I often have beheld,
And with my Battel-ax have hundreds fell'd;
Yet here I'm ſhaken, th' object's too funeſt,
I'd rather ſee a Javelin at my breaſt.

Han. Aglave, by your Goddeſs Arms I ſwear,
We will not from the ſacred Cavern ſtir,
Till you have clear'd my doubts; though every Star
At your dread call ſtart from his flaming ſphere;
Though from her Orb, cloſe mantled in a Cloud,
The Moon ſlide down to wander in this Wood;
Though with your Charms the Sun diſſolve in blood:
Fathom the depth of deſtiny below,
And all the terrours of your Magick ſhow.

Agla. Beneath thoſe burthen'd branches ſtand,
Safe from the Spirit I Command.
Ariſe, appear thou whom his Soul does love,
His Heart with viſionary horrours move.

Roſalinda *riſes in a Chair, pale, with a wound on her Breaſt; two* Cupids *deſcend, and hang weeping over her.*

Han. Shall *Roſalinda* then untimely die?
'Tis falſe; and all theſe damn'd deceivers lie.

Facing thy fate, with my Sword drawn I'll ſtand,
Back'd with my Conquering old *Italian* Band,
With the ſame haughty fierceneſs ruſhing on,
Which the *Saguntins* City thunder'd down:
Like *Troy's* young *Hero*;
Who, while the World about him did admire,
His Father bore through Night, Death, Blood and Fire,
Spite of oppoſing Hell, and War's worſt harms;
So will I bear my Love upon my arms.

Bom. To Horſe, my Lord; and leave this curſed place:
Let's go, and inſtantly the Conſul face.

Mah. No more in this damn'd Sorcereſs confide;
Permit my Sword her body to divide:
Or from her Corps cut her enchanted Head,
And her black brains upon the Altar ſhed.

Han. We'll go, *Maherbal*, with to Morrow's dawn,
On the vaſt Plain our Squadrons ſhall be drawn:
Yet for ſome minutes Battel ſhall decline;
We'll ſee this Conſul e're our Bodies joyn:
And if on equal terms a Peace may be,
For *Carthage* ſake I'll court my Enemy.

Bom. 'Tis juſt you ſhould deliberation take,
With caution deal, and manage the laſt ſtake.

Mah. Your Armies are the Cards which both muſt play;
At leaſt come off a Saver if you may.

Han. But like *Sol's* off-ſpring, ſwell'd with dangerous Fires,
He to the management of all aſpires:
Alone the Scepter of the World would ſway,
Alone would rule the Heav'n, and drive the day.
Like that indulgent God, I'll firſt adviſe;
Shew him the tracks through which ambition flies:
If deaf to all, let him aſcend the Throne,
Snatching at Glories which muſt weigh him down;
Like *Jove* we'll toſs him from his gliſtering Chair,
Sing'd in the Clouds, hiſſing through liquid Air,
And dart him headlong like a falling Star. } [*Exeunt.*

Enter Scipio, *meeting* Lelius *diſarm'd*; Varro, Trebellius.

Scip. Lelius return'd! and ſad! Tell the *Event.*

Lel. Too late, my Lord, I was to *Cirta* ſent;

For

For e're ſome thouſand paces got from hence,
I *Maſſiniſſa* met, that wretched Prince:
Not as I us'd, arm'd with a Warriour's grace,
Like *Mars* when thundring on the Plains of *Thrace*:
But in a Chariot drawn by Milk-white Steeds,
Like ſoft *Adonis* driving through the Meads;
And *Sophonisba* leaning on his breaſt,
Like *Venus* with her wanton Huntſman bleſt.

Scip. Are theſe his Vows? Some new way we muſt try;
Rather than live diſhonour'd, he ſhall die.

Lel. Soon as the Tyrant *Syphax* was o'rethrown,
With Menaces he forc'd the frighted Town:
Which entred, ſtraight he to the Palace flew,
Forgetting all his Vows, he lov'd anew;
The Conquer'd did the Conquerour ſubdue.
In ſhort, her tears, and beauty won ſo far,
In view of all the World he married her.
They are arriv'd; and now upon the Plain;
In a Pavilion Royal doth remain.

Scip. Trebellius, go, this ſubtile Charmer bring:
Take all our Guards to aſſiſt againſt the King:
And ſay that we'll attend him in his Tent;
But firſt expect the Queen be Priſoner ſent:
Tell him, She is the *Roman*'s Foe; and ſhall
A Sacrifice for blood of thouſands, fall. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter King Maſſiniſſa, Sophonisba.

K. Maſ. Let him arm all his Pow'r againſt this Breaſt,
My Heart unmov'd ſhall ſtand the mighty Teſt.
What I have ſworn ſhall like thy Virtue laſt;
I'll hold thee to me as my Heart-ſtrings faſt.
Thou Soul of Love! all charming Excellence!
Whoſe very look drives ſtormy troubles hence,
Does all the Bleſſings of the Gods diſpence.
Why doſt thou tremble? let no ſawcy fear,
Make thy Heart pant, or cauſe thee ſhed a tear.

Soph. Alas, my Lord, 'twere better I were dead,
In my cold Grave ſafe from theſe troubles laid:
Rather ten thouſand Racks let me endure,
Than once be brought into the *Roman* Pow'r.

'Tis

'Tis true, that you have deeply sworn you wou'd
Defend me.

K. Maſ. To my Heart's laſt drop of Blood;
Or may I by ſome Coward mangled lie:
And Dogs and Vultures tear me as I die.
The Tygreſs will revenge her raviſh'd young,
'Midſt Darts, and Spears, and Javelins ruſh along:
The Clown, ſo ſow, and Ignorant of Fame,
Will venture Life to ſave his ſwarthy Dame:
And ſhall not I for thee waſte all this Blood,
Thou ſofteſt Bleſſing, and the ſweeteſt Good?

Soph. I know not what the Gods for you intend;
But 'tis moſt certain I am near my end:
Not that Death's darkeſt horror I can fear;
But Bondage is a load I cannot bear.

K. Maſ. Quit all thoſe fancies that diſturb thy reſt,
And caſt thy melancholy on this breaſt.
This Heart is ever thine.

Soph. O my lov'd Lord,
If you ſhou'd break—— but you will keep your word,
Keep all your Oaths; yet Heaven and you know beſt,
Some ſurfeit with their Love, as on a feaſt,
And then they loath when once they're ſatiated;
But you'll remember me when I am dead.
From theſe dear Eyes to endleſs ſhades remov'd,
None e're will love you ſure as I have lov'd.

Enter Trebellius.

Treb. Guards wait without.——My Lord, you muſt reſign
The Queen, whom I have order to confine.

K. Maſ. Touch her not for thy Life, but ſtraight retire;
Safer thou may'ſt with Thunder play, kiſs Fire,
Grapple with Death, a Peſtilence invade,
With all his fatal Purple pomp array'd.

Trebellius *goes to ſeize her*, Maſſiniſſa *kills him.*

Treb. Cut off in my full growth! curſe on your ſtrife;
To die thus, when I buſineſs had for Life!
Juſt *Scipio* will revenge my Death, beware;
I feel I'm going, though I know not where. [*Dies.*

K. Maſ.

K. Maſ. Nought but thy blood cou'd wash thy guilt away,
Who durſt the rancour of thy Heart diſplay,
And ſully with rude Hands the faireſt piece
That the Gods ever drew. Your troubles ceaſe:
I'm in; and now no hope of ſafety's nigh,
Yet ſtill a King, we will attended die.
Like a brave Merchant,
Who when his long-toſs'd loaded Veſſel hits
Againſt ſome Rock, with loud horror ſplits;
Firſt graſps one Casket which does all contain,
Then fearleſs, ſhoots himſelf into the Main:
So I with thee, my only wealth, my all,
Amidſt the numerous ſlain at laſt muſt fall.
The noiſe comes near: Here ſafe, retire from view;
Glory and Love ſhall teach us what to do.

Enter Scipio, Lelius, Varro, *Guards.*

Lel. Trebellius ſlain! and in a Womans Cauſe!
Shame to our Arms, diſgrace to honour's Laws.
What flames of miſchief from this ſpark might riſe?
'Tis juſt with rigor you his fault chaſtiſe.

Scip. Yet *Maſſiniſſa* thou ſhalt dearly buy
Thy ill-got Love, and fatal Gallantry.
Curle on in wanton ways, bask in her Charms;
By *Mars* ſhe is a Victim to our Arms.

K. Maſſ. *meets him.*

K. *Maſ.* Your high diſpleaſure in your Face I ſpy:
When the great *Scipio* frowns, great danger's nigh.
The fact I muſt confeſs, done in defence
Of Beauty wrong'd, and helpleſs Innocence.

Scip. Where is that fair Incendiary fled?
E're to extreameſt rigour we proceed,
I ſtrictly charge thee bring her forth to bleed:
Or on thy perſon I will vengeance take;
And thou ſhalt periſh for thy Miſtreſs's ſake.

K. Maſ. With greedy joy I offer you my Life,
If by the Gods you ſwear to free my Wife.

Scip. You ſhall not for her ſake have leave to die,
Nor will I give her Life or Liberty.

For

For *Rome*, not for your ſake, this War was wag'd,
You only as a Voluntier engag'd:
Therefore what ever Towns, or Captives, fall
Into your hands, they are the *Romans* all.

K. Maſ. Then thus I draw; think it not inſolence,
For it's not meant, Sir, in my own defence;
But to preſerve a ſacred Innocence.
From their bright Thrones perhaps the Gods will glide,
And range themſelves in Battel on my ſide:
Beneath a Cauſe ſo juſt I cannot fall;
I, and the Gods, will fight it with you all.

Scip. Thou deem'ſt thy Luſt an action great and good;
Death ought to cool this Fever in thy blood.
With me contending, againſt Fate you ſtrive,
Yet I will pity ſhew; take him alive.

K. Maſ. Inglorioufly you have a Conqueſt made,
That breaſt my tim'rous army durſt not invade.
My heart, though prompted by her powerful Charms,
Fainted before the Maſter of my arms.
Nor ſhall you yet my Soul's lov'd Treaſure reach,
My body thus dams up the narrow breach:
And he who dares——
Raſhly on this forbidden Earth to tread,
I'll graſp his Soul, I'll ſpurn him to the dead.

Trumpets within, enter Menander.

Scip. What means this mournful noiſe, whoſe Tragick ſound,
With ſolemn horrour does my thoughts confound?

Men. O, ſacred Sir,

Scip. What, Souldier, all in Tears?

Men. Sorrow her ſelf cloſe Mourner now appears:
The Prince *Maſſina* ſlain: ſee blaſted there,
The hopes you lov'd, the darling of the War.
That beautious Captive who with you did treat,
He to the *Carthaginian* Camp did wait:
Where *Hannibal* of's Beauty jealous grown,
Caſt him in bands; but when his birth was known,
As ſoon unbound; but then deſpair did move,
Deſpair of Glory, and deſpair of Love:

Which

Which when the Royal Youth had raſhly weigh'd,
And Fate with murmuring thoughts a while delay'd;
A Ponyard from his Robe unmark'd he took,
And to his Heart the deadly weapon ſtrook.
Scip. Behold, of furious Love the dire event!
Yet *Maſſiniſſa*, wilt thou not repent?
Behole the Pledge you left, for your default,
By Heavens high Juſtice to Perdition brought.
K. Maſ. Was ever Man thus wretched, and durſt live?
Yet will I not one Tear to Nature give;
Leſt Bankrupt-like I laviſh what's not mine,
Since all my ſtock of ſorrow, Love, is thine.
Scip. Remove the Prince's Body from his ſight,
Leſt too much grief ſhould to diſtraction fright.
Yet if thou'lt bring her forth, we will forget
This daring raſhneſs, which is Paſſion's heat;
Thy Glory with freſh Laurels we'll advance,
And with due praiſe thy valiant acts inhance:
Thy Pile of Honour this Right-hand ſhall build.
Why doſt thou weep?
K. Maſ. Becauſe I dare not yield:
No, Sir, my Love I never can betray,
Though you have touch'd me in the nobleſt way.
Scip. Canſt thou both Promiſes and Threats refuſe?
K. Maſ. Death, and what's worſe, you only bid me chuſe.
Scip. Bring forth thy Love, and Life thou ſhalt enjoy.
K. Maſ. Is that a Life? Your purpoſe act; deſtroy:
Turn all your Javelins points againſt this breaſt;
But let it not of Love be diſpoſſeſt.
Scip. Muſt I, who can Command, thus vainly ſue?
K. Maſ. My ſtubborn Heart Death only can ſubdue.
Scip. Then take that Death which you ſo little dread.

Enter Sophonisba.

Soph. Stay, Tyrant, hold; firſt thou ſhalt ſtrike me dead:
Come on, with thy brave Sword rip up my breaſt,
And fix my panting Heart on thy proud Creſt;
There let it hang, thy Valour's Trophy grown,
To all the wondring World let it be ſhown:
That none but Fools the Conqueſt may deplore,
While all the brave admire the Conquerour.

A Conquerour ſo great, with one ſole blow,
He cou'd even *Hercules* himſelf out-do.
O Heavens! he durſt attempt, (what ſhall I ſay?
What Words his Heart's fierce grandeur can diſplay?)
In heat of Blood he durſt a Woman ſlay!
Scip. When Ladies rail, a Souldier ſhould be mute:
Beſides, I have no leiſure to diſpute.
As *Helen* did to *Troy* perdition bring,
Where e're you come your Eyes deſtruction fling.
When will your thirſty Charms with Blood be cloy'd?
Two Kings you have like that fair *Greek* deſtroy'd,
Spight of your Pride, you ſhall to *Rome* be led;
And there, for all your Witchcrafts, loſe your Head.
Soph. On with thy threats, thy violent courſe purſue,
Enjoy thy bloody wiſhes, Tyger, do;
Barbarian, for in *Rome* thou wert not born;
By ſuch a wretch her glories are not worn,
Unleſs when dreſt up to be Sacrific'd:
To thee, the *Moors* and *Goths* are civiliz'd:
Gorge thy ſelf, *Saturn*, make my Fleſh thy Food,
And laugh when thou art drunk with a Queens Blood.
K. Maſ. All will be well; fair Excellence, retire;
Add not freſh Fuel to the dying Fire.
Soph. To you, and Heaven, my Heart muſt ever bow;
Conſul, with thee I am not angry now.
Scip. Obſerve, ungovern'd Prince, with how much eaſe
This Royal Foe we, if we would, might ſeize;
Yet, on your promiſe that ſhe ſhall not go
'Till we the Fate of War at *Zama* know,
We will permit her in your Tent remain.
But oh, my Friend, break this inglorious Chain:
Contrive ſome means to keep your Faith with me;
And ſet your Heart from that curſt Charmer free. [*Exit.*
K. Maſ. O rigid Honour, muſt we ſeparate then!
Loſe all the ſweets of Life to purchaſe Pain!
Men. If ſhe were dead, your Glory were ſecure.
K. Maſ. But could I then this wretched Life endure?
Without her live? it's fatal to refuſe,
And Glory ruines me if Love I chuſe.
What help, *Menander*?

Men.

Men. 'Tis the ſport of Heaven,
When Ships on Rocks are in the Harbour driv'n:
Having through thouſand ſtormy dangers paſt,
In proſpect of your Bliſs, you're wrack'd at laſt.
K. Maſ. Like one, who having ſcap'd the Waves, arrives
To ſome lone Rock, and there more wretched lives;
Half famiſh'd, on the ragged flint he ſtands,
Viewing with watry Eyes the diſtant ſtrands,
And paſt his call, Men walking on the Lands:
With Sighs he ſwells the Wind; and looking round,
Mourns his ſad choice, or to be ſtarv'd or drown'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Hannibal *and* Scipio.

Han. ART thou the Chief whom Men fam'd *Scipio* call?
Scip. Art thou the much more famous *Hannibal?*
Han. Since by our partial Fate it is ordain'd,
That I, who have ſuch dreadful Battels gain'd,
That, torrent like, which from ſome Mountain falls,
Ran from the Cloudy Alps, to *Rome*'s proud Walls,
Shou'd now at laſt for Peace inglorious ſue;
I thank the Gods that they have choſen you
To reap that Honour by this Interview.
Scip. In civil praiſe, and from ſo brave a Foe,
True courage does a ſenſe of pleaſure ſhow:
Thy Words inſpire me with ſuch vaſt delight,
'Twill ſcarce be more to vanquiſh thee in fight.
Han. 'Twas much the Gods to our Fore-fathers gave,
That you ſhould *Italy*, we *Africk* have;
Our *Africk* Arms much *Roman* Blood has ſpilt,
And *Carthage* has the *Roman* fury felt:
What ſay'ſt thou, *Scipio*, is it Peace or War?
Th' Invaſion made by us we will repair:
We'll give you *Cicily*, *Sardinia*, *Spain*,
And all the Iſlands which our Arms did gain,
'Twixt *Italy* and *Africk*, on the Main.

Thy boyling Courage does to War incline,
And Glory more than Profit you design;
Such Fortune once did on our Genius shine:
But long experience, and the chance of War,
Makes me at present certain Peace prefer.
Grasp not at Scepters which may turn to Rods:
To day is yours, to Morrow is the Gods.

Scip. That your late Landing upon *Leptis* Coast,
Restor'd those hopes which drooping *Carthage* lost,
All must confess; we know you are that Man,
Whose Glory to the utmost *Thule* ran;
Born in a Winters Camp, in Battels bred,
Whilst yet a Stripling durst an Army head;
Whose very Name could make the *Romans* mourn,
And forc'd dead groans from every hollow Urn:
The boldest Senators began to droop;
Yet when all fainted, I alone stood up,
And fac'd that storm which threatned from afar;
Shot warmth, and rose upon 'em like a *Star*:
To *Africk* came, and in few months retriev'd
All that your arms for many years atchiev'd.
Peace I refuse, unless you offer more:
You give nought yet but what was ours before.
Since all the Neighbour Kings our actions eye,
It rests at last we should our Fortune try;
Let one victorious be, the other die.

Han. Gods, that the glorious *Hannibal* should bow
To be refus'd! It shall be Battel now.
Forgetful *Hero*, couldst thou court the Son,
Twice by whose force his Father was o'rethrown?
Scipio, thou may'st too late repent thy Pride,
And vainly in thy Death this fury chide.
On *Fabius* think, *Rome*'s shield, her Guard from harms;
Her Sword, *Marcellus*, broken by my arms:
Remember great *Emilius* slain by me;
And then think last what may thy Fortune be,
E're yet the day be done,
With Seas of Gore we'll drown the neighbouring Wood;
And yonder Sun shall set in *Roman* blood.

Scip.

Scip. Prepare to hear thy laſt, thy laſt alarms.
Han. In Battel we ſhall meet: to arms, to arms. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Roſalinda *in Man's Apparel.*

Roſ. Thus dreſt, and with this Warlike Weapon drawn,
What hinders but an Army I lead on?
O cruel Nature, why didſt thou diſgrace
So brave a Spirit with a Female Face?
All Women wou'd, but ſure no Woman can,
Be chang'd into the Lordly Creature Man.
However, with this Garb I fit my mind,
Whoſe high ambition has great things deſign'd:
I'll out, and chaſe, if *Hannibal* ſucceeds;
And if he falls, then *Roſalinda* bleeds.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Han. Both Wings are loſt, the *Carthaginians* yield,
Fierce *Caius Lelius* drives 'em through the Field:
The *Gauls* and the *Ligurians* quit their ground;
The *Maſſiſilian* King does all confound:
With ſuch ſwift force his Arms our Troops aſſail,
As Hurricanes toſs ſhowers, and ſcatter Hail.
Bom. Wild as our Elephants, about he raves,
And tramples on thoſe mercenary Slaves,
Who ſcouring through the Field avoid his ſtroke,
And fly like flocks of Doves before a Hawk.
Mah. Your valiant old *Italian* Troops ſtand faſt,
Reſolv'd to fight your battel to the laſt.
The Conquering Conſul riding o're the Plain,
With all his Officers and braveſt Men:
The *Haſtati* and *Triarii* this way comes,
With Trumpets ſounding, and with beat of Drums.
Han. Auſpicious *Juno*, thou that didſt e're-while
Favour our Cauſe, and on our *Carthage* ſmile;
Proſper our arms this bloody dreadful day,
And *Hannibal* ſhall the foundation lay
Of ſuch a Temple ſacred to thy name,
As ne're was found in the Records of Fame. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter King Maſſiniſſa, Lelius.

K. Maſ. Their flight has wing'd the Cowards; let 'em fly,
Not worthy by ſuch Conquering Swords to die.
'Tis time we to the Conſul ſhould repair,
Rejoyn our Forces, and conclude the War.

SCENE *of* Hannibal *and* Scipio *fighting, the Conſul gives ground: Enter K.* Maſ. *and* Lel. *and beat* Han. *off.*

Scip. Gods, what prodigious Valour have you ſent,
And what Rewards are worthy to preſent!
O *Maſſiniſſa*!
With what impetuous ſwiftneſs Fortunes Wheel
Turn'd with thy ſtrokes! how did the valiant reel!
Lel. As when ſome diſtant lab'rer hews an Oak,
We ſee his Arm rais'd for a ſecond ſtroak,
E're the firſt blow's report can reach our Ear;
So flagg'd our ſenſe, nor could it reach him there.
Scip. The *Italian* Troops ſhrunk from his Marſhal fire,
But *Hannibal* himſelf did laſt retire:
All Lion Like,
Whom a bold band of Huntſmen having found,
And dar'd to rouſe, he rouls his Eyes around,
Laſhing his ſides, and tearing up the ground,
With trouble from th' unequal skirmiſh goes,
Majeſtick ſtalks, and turns upon his Foes:
So from the Fight went the great General,
Proud in his loſs, and riſing from his fall. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Souldiers skirmiſhing, Roſalinda *falls.*

Roſ. Heaven thou haſt done thy worſt, there needs no more:
Bold with my overthrow, I brave thy Power,
And ſhake the Glaſs that holds my lateſt hour.
O, *Hannibal!* did I for this deſign
This Heart, this Youth and Beauty only thine?
Pride and neglect on every Lover hurl'd,
Scorn'd him that Conquers thee, and all the World?
From me, loſt *Hero*, learn, be great, and die:
The brave ſhould bleed for loſs of Victory.

Enter

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Han. *Carthage* is loſt, and *Hannibal* o'rethrown;
What is there left that we may call our own?
The bleeding world, *Rome* does by Conqueſt claim,
And ſwells the Prize with our revolted Fame:
Yet ſpight of Fate our length of Earth we have;
Thus vanquiſh'd, Glory ſhrowd thee in a Grave.
Bom. Hold, General; the Gods your Death forbid;
Vengeance is due; firſt let falſe *Hanno* bleed,
Who cut the Wings of Conqueſt till ſhe fell.
Mah. By me he ſhall be headlong ſent to Hell:
Where Fiends for Treaſon kindle double Fire:
Then let the famous *Hannibal* expire.
Roſ. Sure I the name of *Hannibal* did hear;
Maherbal, tell me, is the General there?
Mah. Approach, my Lord, view well this wounded fair:
Sure in your *Capuan* Miſtreſs I have ſeen
The ſame Majeſtick Air, and charming meen.
Han. Ha! thou haſt rows'd a thought that wracks me more,
Than all the loſſes I in Battel bore.
Either I dream, or in this cloſing Eye
My dazled ſenſes *Roſalinda* ſpie.
Roſ. Where do th' ambitious reſt? O *Hannibal*!
Han. What art, that doſt upon the wretched call?
Roſ. One that's more wretched, and more raſh than thou,
That would to Fate, and not to *Scipio* bow.
Diſguis'd, and dying *Roſalinda* ſee,
Who mourns in Death thy loſs of Victory:
That laſt diſgrace.
Han. Dire Goddeſs of War,
Too true I find all thy preſages are.
The Gods have given a double overthrow;
Wou'd I had bravely periſh'd by my Foe:
Strech'd in the Field, this loſs I had not known,
Nor ſhould my tortur'd Soul thy ruine moan.
Roſ. Is it ſo hard our wiſhes to obtain;
Sad Hearts with bleeding loſe Love's burning pain.
Han. O dying fair, look up, revive a while;
With one ſhort joy eternal care beguile:

The

The ſetting Sun all curtain'd round with Night,
At his departure gives a larger Light.
Roſ. Flow faſter Blood; It will not be, I fear;
The wound's ſo ſmall, Death cannot enter here.
But ſhall I ſtay behind, when Honour's fled?
Han. Live, and I'll raiſe that Honour from the Dead.
Roſ. Renown runs on like Time, but ne're turns back.
Han. Then we that ſwift Renown will overtake:
We'll haſte where Glory baits, to every hold,
And mount new Fame till we outſtrip the old.
Roſ. Dear *Hannibal*, alas! I wiſh I cou'd:
But 'twill not be; Life trembling takes the Flood,
Till well-nigh ſwallowed in Waves of Blood.
The *Roman* Glory ſhines too fatal bright;
And with it's gathering luſtre dims my ſight:
Eternally adieu: my Body take,
Chaſte and entire I kept it for your ſake:
Tis the laſt Preſent that I now can make.

[*Dies.*

Han. For ever gone; all her ſweet ſtock of breath
Spent in one Sigh; the riot of rich Death.
Now by my Arms the Gods too partial are,
Or elſe they envy'd my full trade of War:
Which cou'd ſo vaſt a ſtate of Beauty buy,
As far ſurpaſs'd the Mannors of their Sky.
Dead *Roſalinda*——
Bom. Raiſe you from the Ground,
And let not Love your Vertues force confound;
Where is that heat and haughty Courage gone,
Which againſt Nature's Lets your Troops led on?
Mah. Think you for naught the Gods ſuch Valour gave?
You ſhould prop Thrones, and falling Kingdoms ſave.
Buried in thought, and deaf to Honour's call,
Your Soul beneath her mighty pitch does fall.
Han. Maherbal, no; aſtoniſh'd thou ſhalt be;
We dare be brave in ſpight of Deſtiny.
Though rob'd of all the Riches Love could give,
And ſtript of Glory too, yet we will live:
Courage is form'd of the Etherial mold,
And round it bands of Adamant are roll'd.

To

To this ſtill haughty breaſt ſuch Fire is given,
I could the Summons meet of Hell or Heaven:
Cou'd, like the great Eternal Mover, ſway
The World in arms, and teach him to obey.
'Twas noble grief that lately chang'd my form,
But I am ruffled now into a ſtorm.

Bom. your Miſtreſs body hence we will convey,
And in ſome hallowed Vault her Relicks lay.

Mah. Like Pilgrims, once a year we'll Mourning go,
And on her Urn ſad Yew with Cypreſs throw,
And all our ſtock of Tears and Sighs beſtow.

Han. For ever, brighteſt, of the kind, farewel,
Who wert too worthy; therefore early fell.
As the young Phœnix does in ſacred Myrrhe
His Father's Duſt to the Sun's Temple bear,
So in Fame's Houſes ſhalt thou Honour'd be,
And every God ſhall have a grain of thee.

Mah. Since Glory with her laſt breath ſhe profeſt,
May wiſh'd Dominion widen all your breaſt.

Han. Haſte, haſte, *Maherbal*, and freſh Levies make;
Honour that did but now calm ſlumbers take,
Shall like the Ocean in a tempeſt wake:
We'll paſs new *Alpes*, new Conſuls overthrow,
To *Rome* with far more dreadful Armies go;
Forcing the *Apian* and *Emilian* way,
To the *Suburra* we'll purſue the Fray;
Nor ſtop till *Roſalinda*'s Statue, Crown'd,
Sits in the Capitol with Gods enthron'd. [*Exeunt.*

Scipio, *K.* Maſſiniſſa, Lelius, *&c.*

Scip. I grieve, brave Prince, ſo often to deny;
She muſt a Captive be, or we muſt die.

K. Maſ. I know ſhe muſt, if you will have it ſo;
But Pardon may be granted to a Foe:
O ſpare her then; as you would be forgiven
At your laſt hour, when you prepare for Heaven.

Scip. Learn to ask bleſſings; thoſe you ſhall not want:
This is a curſe, which I can never grant.
Like one, who in a burning Fever lies,
And begs for Water, if he drinks, he dies:

I like a wiſe Phyſitian, thwart your will,
And vanquiſh your diſtemper with my skill.
K. Maſ. For the Gods ſake, for Friendſhip, Glory, Love,
By all that's good below, or bleſt above,
Let not at laſt my well-taught Courage droop;
Break not the Heart, which you have foſtred up.
Oh *Sophonisba!*——Give her to my Prayers,
To theſe faſt riſing ſighs, and falling tears:
No other Crown I ask as Valour's due,
For all that I have done, or all that I ſhall do.
Lo, at your knees, behold a Monarch fall:
Yet more, your Friend, and then I have ſaid all.
Scip. Let not you paſſion royalty degrade;
Riſe, Valiant Prince, I've thought of what you ſaid.
And as your Friend my temper cannot keep,
Mourn your Misfortunes, and like you can weep:
Curſe *Roman* Tyranny, and wiſh you were
For ever joyn'd with that unhappy Fair.
K. Maſ. Oh you have bleſt me!
Scip. Maſſiniſſa, ſtay;
You only heard what Friendſhip bid me ſay:
But as *Rome*'s Conſul, and the Lord of Power,
I now command you never ſee her more,
Unleſs the View to her may fatal be;
This is my laſt immutable Decree.
K. Maſ. Is your fain'd pity come to this? your tears
Falſer than thoſe which *Egypts* Monſter wears?
Tyrannick *Rome!* Barbarous are all thy Laws;
Have I for this, in thy accurſed Cauſe,
Starv'd Life, by laviſhing her precious food,
My Spirits loſt, emptied my deareſt blood,
Fought till I Rampiers made of bodies round;
So mark'd with Fate, that I appear'd one wound,
Yet rais'd thy bleeding Eagles from the ground?
Scip. Think no more on't; her Memory forget.
K. Maſ. Cut me to Atoms, tear my Soul out; yet
In every ſmalleſt Particle of me,
You ſhall the form of *Sophonisba* ſee:
All like my Soul, and all in every part;
Bath'd in my Eyes, and bleeding in my Heart.

Scip.

Scip. Lelius, ſecure the Queen.
K. Maſ. Stay, *Lelius*, ſtay;
I've done, my Lord, and will your Power obey:
The Queen ſhall die, on a Kings word ſhe ſhall;
She muſt a Victim for the Empire fall.
How am I now?
Scip. For *Sophonisba*'s loſs,
Your Arms *Numidia*'s Empire ſhall engroſs.
For your late Gallantry at *Zama* ſhown,
Kind *Rome* preſents you an Imperial Crown,
Salutes you King. Now all your griefs defie;
Thus we embrace thee as our brave Allie.
Give your grief truce: thus prais'd, and thus adorn'd,
Let all the Beauties of the Earth be ſcorn'd. [*Exit.*
K. Maſ. Scorn'd be your Glory more, and *Roman* Pride,
While I in Winding-ſheets embrace my Bride.
For 'tis decreed that we muſt never part,
We'll be one Spirit, as we're now one Heart:
Traverſe the glittering Chambers of the Sky,
Born in a Cloud, in view of Fate I'll lie;
And preſs her Soul, while Gods ſtand wiſhing by.
Men. My Lord, if you would hear.
K. Maſ. What canſt thou ſay?
Men. Reaſon's a Rebel when high Paſſions ſway.
K. Maſ. And ſuch art thou; yet ſpeak, what ſhall I do?
Inſtruct me to be greatly falſe, or true.
Men. The Queen muſt die.
K. Maſ. Ha! muſt? no more.
Men. She to the Gods is given, or *Roman* Power.
K. Maſ. Neither; ſhe ſhall not die; nor ſhall ſhe live
The *Roman*'s Slave; I'll give her a Reprieve.
Men. But how?
K. Maſ. Why thus: I'll kill my ſelf, kill thee,
Rome, *Carthage*, all the World; and then ſhe ſhall live free.
Men. Glory or Beauty 'tis ordain'd you loſe.
K. Maſ. O *Rome!* Oh Heaven! both equally my Foes:
Was ever Heart thus miſerably torn?
Were ever woes like mine ſo calmly born?
From the Contagion of my Troubles take
As much as might the Spring a Winter make,

Freeze the hot blood of a Crown'd Conquerour,
Damp the wish'd joys of a young bridal pair;
Yet then I shall have more than Man can bear.

Men. When Virtue thus oppress'd, Mankind does see,
What fearful dreaming fool will pious be?
Martyrs no more shall Racks or Flames require,
Nor dying wish; but only Life desire,
To murder Priests, and Temples set on fire.

K. Mas. Why, ye Immortal Gods, is all this care?
Why do you drive your Creatures to despair?
Had I upon my Throne sate King of fears,
The Orphan wrong'd, or drunk the Widows Tears:
Had I brav'd Heav'n by some outragious sin,
For these afflictions there had reason been:
But 'tis all well, I no injustice have;
The Gods but take the being which they gave.
Menander, haste, two bowls with Poyson fill;
And, when I call, like Fate, come forth, and kill.

Men. 'Tis a dread deed to which you urge my Hand.

K. Mas. It's glorious too: dispute not my command.

Men. I'll not presume to fathom your deep thought;
But straight your will shall by your Slave be wrought.

K. Mas. Love and ambition have their utmost done,
'Twas Love allur'd, ambition led me on.
Like a rash boy, who a steep Mountain climbs,
Big with brave thoughts of reaching Heav'n betimes,
And puffs and blows, and mighty pains he takes,
Plies all his strength, and much ado he makes;
But having reach'd the top, he views aloof,
The fancied Heaven, and all the painted roof,
So did ambition draw me with a wile,
And fleeting Love my towring hopes beguile. [*Exit.*

Enter Sophonisba.

Soph. The Consul is return'd with Conquest Crown'd;
Triumphant Voices rend the Echoing Ground,
And to the Heavens the Trumpets Clangors sound;
Yet I no news of *Massiniss*a hear:
Shou'd he be slain, which I with Reason fear,

Moſt loſt of Women, deſperate, undone,
What could'ſt thou do? what Gods would'ſt thou attone?
Abhorr'd, thou muſt to angry *Rome* repair,
And all the cruelties of bondage bear.
No, *Sophonisba*, think what thou haſt been,
The Miſtreſs of two Monarchs, twice a Queen.
If thou muſt fall, bravely reſign thy breath,
And be above the *Romans* in thy death.

Enter King Maſſiniſſa.

Oh, my lov'd Lord! are you then come at laſt?
Are you alive? and do I hold you faſt?

K. Maſ. Beſt of thy Sex, and dearer than my Life,
The faireſt Miſtreſs, and the gentleſt Wife!
So great and Glorious, Emperours envy thee;
And art ſo good, that the Gods envy me.
They ſent thee here, but as an Angel-ſcout,
With a ſhort lightning view, to gaze, and out:
Torments of Hell, and Racks of deſtiny!
Thou muſt, oh that I live to ſpeak it! die.

Soph. Bleſt ſound! we ſhall not then to *Rome* be led;
But ſolemn Triumphs have in Honours Bed.
This laſt alarm my drooping Spirits chears,
As When the Warrior his lov'd Trumpet hears;
His Martial-blood begins to warm apace,
And boyls, and fluſhes in is kindling Face,
And much he longs to ſtrive in Glories Race.
Speak Death again, my Guard and ſure Defence;
It bears a mighty ſound, and mighty ſenſe.

K. Maſ. O keep thee there, now while thy Virtues glow,
And dart Divinity, I'll give the blow.
Come forth, *Menander*, with thoſe fatal Bowls,
Whoſe Juice, though it the Body's force Controls,
Revives the Mind, and ſlakes the thirſt of Souls.

Enter Menander, *with two Bowls*.

Give me the Draught.

Soph. What means my Royal Love?

K. Maſ. By your bright ſelf, by all the Powers above,
No Angel's Eloquence my Soul ſhall move.

To die with thee, and thy dear honour ſave;
What greater Glory cou'd the Ambitious have?
'Twill build a Palace for me in the Grave.
Not but that in the agonies of breath,
I tremble when I think upon thy Death.

Soph. Thou beſt of Men, whoſe Fame where-e're it flies,
Shall draw up bleeding Hearts, and weeping Eyes,
Let not your Soul tremble for me; for I
Can fear no Torment, but to ſee you die.

K. Maſ. Then cheerfully let's go; here's to my Love,
And to our meeting with the bleſt above. [*Drinks.*

Soph. Give me the Bowl, mark if my hand does ſhake,
Or the freſh ſpringing blood my Cheeks forſake.
Undaunted to my Lips the Draught I lift,
'Tis to my Lord, this is his Nuptial Gift. [*Drinks.*

K. Maſ. Menander, faithful Confident farewell,
Haſte, and our ſtory to the Conſul tell.
On thy allegiance go without reply,
Thou ſhould'ſt rejoyce to ſee me bravely die. [*Ex.* Men.
How fares my only Love? My firſt, laſt Dear?
The ſweets of thouſand Springs are blowing here.
All in thy ſighs!

Soph. Ah, give your kindneſs o're,
Or we ſhall live, and feel the *Roman* Power.
Methought Death touch'd me with a chilling pain;
But your warm kiſſes ſhot through every Vein
A kinder heat, and kindled Life again.

K. Maſ. Thus let us launch into Eternity:
Sink in Death's bottomleſs and boundleſs Sea:
Like drowning Friends, link'd in Embraces faſt,
Our Arms, Love's Nets, about each other caſt.

Soph. What could long Life, or Empire give like this?

K. Maſ. Thy Love is Empire, and eternal bliſs.

Soph. I go, where ſhall we meet? [*Dies.*

K. Maſ. The Gods can tell.
Heaven's Peace, and golden ſlumbers with thee dwell. [*Dies.*

Enter Scipio, Lelius, *and* Menander.

Men. See there, Great Sir, the effects of your raſh Doom,
The Victims you have offer'd up to *Rome*.

Lel.

Lel. What cruel Eyes could pity here refrain,
Beholding two ſuch Royal Lovers ſlain?
Scip. Theſe unexpected Objects ſo amaze
My Reaſon, I could ever on 'em gaze.
Since thou, moſt great and lovely Prince, art dead,
War's Marches *Scipio* ſhall no longer tread:
With *Carthage* Peace we'll inſtantly conclude,
Which, had'ſt thou liv'd, our Arms might have ſubdu'd:
To *Rome*, our Drooping-Eagles then ſhall ſteer,
Where after tireſome Honours, we'll repair
To ſome ſmall Village, *Lelius*, thou and I;
And ſtudy not to live, but how to die.

PROLOGUE *to the Univerſity of* OXFORD.
Writen by J. Dryden, *Eſquire.*

THESPIS *the firſt Profeſſour of our Art,*
At country Wakes ſung Ballads in a Cart:
To prove this true, if Latin be no Treſpaſs,
Dicitur & Plauſtris, vexiſſe Poemata *Theſpis.*
But Æſchylus, *ſays* Horace, *in ſome Page,*
Was the firſt Mountebank e're trod the Stage:
Yet Athens *never knew your learned Sport*
Of toſſing Poets in a Tennis-Court:
But 'tis the Talent of our Engliſh *Nation,*
Still to be Plotting ſome new Reformation;
And ſome years hence, if Anarchy go on,
Jack Presbyter *will here erect his Throne,*
Knock out a Tub with Preaching once a Day,
And every Prayer be longer than a Play:
Then all you Heathen Wits ſhall go to Pot,
For disbelieviug of a Popiſh Plot:
Nor ſhould we want the Sentence to depart,
Even in our firſt Original, a Cart.
Occham, Dun, Scotus, *muſt, though Learn'd, go down;*
As Chief Supporters of the Tripple-Crown:
And Ariſtotle, *for deſtruction ripe,*
Some ſay he call'd the Soul an Organ-Pipe;
Which by ſome little help of Derivation,
Shall thence be call'd a Pipe of Inſpiration.
Your wiſer Judgmenes farther penetrate,
Who late found out one Tare amongſt the Wheat.
This is our Comfort, none e're cry'd us down,
But who diſlik'd both Biſhop, *and a Crown.*

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE Spoken to *Sophonisba*, at its Playing at *OXFORD*.

TO this Learn'd Audience gladly we submit
At once our Action and our Poet's Wit,
Whose shades well pleas'd to these fam'd Seats repair,
To hear the Muses breath their Native Air:
Free from the partial Censure of the Town,
Where senseless Faction runs the Poet down:
Where fluttering Hectors on the Vizard fall,
One half o'th' Play they spend in noise and braul,
Sleep out the rest, then wake, and damn it all.
To you the labour'd Scene is better known,
In which no Poets have excell'd your own:
When some fam'd Hero on the Stage is seen,
You straight reflect, such was his God-like meen;
To such extent did his vast Conquests swell,
He Reign'd thus Glorious, thus untimely fell:
Knowing th' Original, you the Copy praise,
And Crown the Artist with deserved Bays.
Thus to their Merits we our Poets leave,
But for our selves your milder Censure crave,
That all defects i'th' Action you'd impute
T'our straitned Stage, 'tis ours, the Womens suit:
The Gown to Beauty never was unkind,
But form'd by that th' Idea's of the Mind:
'Twas from the Schools our first Respects we gain'd,
Who of our Sex their Sciences have feign'd.
Thus were the Muses thus the Graces dress't,
And Plato *thus his Vertue has express't.*
We know what's due to Sophonisba's *Fame,*
And more to Rosalinda's *Chaster Name:*
Nor can we wholly ignorant appear
Of those Learn'd Languages that flourish here.
Be not surpriz'd if we invade your Right,
And Ovid's *or* Catullus *Loves recite,*
Or pass from Virgil's *Labours of* Æneas,
To Menin aeide thea Peleiade ô Achilleos.

FINIS.

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